

FRANK LESLIE'S
THE LEISURE CLASS
NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—PRESIDENT ARTHUR REGISTERING AS A VOTER AT THE REGISTRATION OFFICE, No. 402 THIRD AVENUE.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 151.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1882.

LIBEL AND MURDEROUS
ASSAULTS.

THE killing of Colonel Slayback by Mr. Cockerill, editor of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, has excited deep indignation in St. Louis and universal comment throughout the country. It seems to be conceded by all that Colonel Slayback sought Mr. Cockerill in his office for the avowed purpose of "obtaining satisfaction," that neither of them was bloodthirsty in disposition, but that both of them were apt to indulge in personal invective during public excitements, and that Slayback had that very day been called a coward and a bully in the columns of the *Post-Dispatch*; and it is alleged, and will probably be proved, that Slayback had a pistol in his hand when he fell.

In the discussion that has been elicited by the deplorable affair, one phase of the tragedy has almost entirely escaped notice. We mean, the real grievance and provocation of the dead man. To say that Colonel Slayback ought not to have gone into the editor's office to chastise or kill him for the injury inflicted that morning, is a platitude; but the question behind it which needs consideration is, what ought he to have done? He had been deeply insulted, and he knew the insult would damage him in reputation and in business. For that damage society obviously ought to provide a swift and adequate remedy. No remedy exists. The law against libel is virtually a dead letter. All over the land, in every large city, are newspapers much worse than the *Post-Dispatch*, that have won their place by indulging in "strong personal journalism"—that is, in bitter invective and brutal slanders, and they continue their defamatory career with impunity. A respectable man has no shield to protect his good name from these calumniators, no defense of any kind; unless, indeed, he take a revolver and seek such "satisfaction" as he may.

Forty years ago it was found to be possible to punish libelers—at least in New York State. Fenimore Cooper wrote a novel, "Home as Found," after returning from a long sojourn abroad. The press assailed it warmly, and ridiculed its author as being unpatriotic and un-American. He promptly brought a suit for libel. Instantly other papers took up the fight and approved the criticism, adding various strictures of their own. Mr. Cooper sued every one for libel. In a week he had three suits on hand; in a month, twelve; in two months, twenty. He was his own lawyer, and he won all the suits but one! If he had lived to-day, he would have had his hands full.

What society sorely needs now are laws and courts that will punish libel quickly and severely. And nobody else needs such a law so much as the editor, if he care anything for his life. There are a good many men in all parts of the country, high-minded and ordinarily harmless, who will not permit journalists to call them thieves, and liars, and mountebanks, without some sort of redress; whereas, if there were laws against libel that could be easily enforced in behalf of even the humblest and poorest man, they would gladly accept its protection and vindication in lieu of violence.

It is no answer to say that such laws would abridge the freedom of the press. The freedom of the press ought to be abridged. Good reputations are entitled to protection. At present there is no falsehood which the Philistine press hesitate to launch against any man who incurs their enmity. During the last fifteen years some of the purest of our statesmen have been driven into private life, and others have been hoisted to their graves, by the merciless and malignant persecution of editors who knew that in this country there was no punishment for calumny.

We do not mean to imply that there is no law against libel. There is the semblance of such a law. But the obstacles to its enforcement in every State are almost insuperable. A woman can usually get a verdict if the libel touch her chastity, especially if she be good-looking, without much regard to the question whether the libeler spoke the truth or not. But it is very difficult for a man to get an exemplary verdict, and if the libel involve politics, it is almost impossible, for the jury will disagree. Libel cases ought never to go before juries; for partisan libels are those under which the country chiefly suffers, and a jury is only a congregation of twelve violent prejudices.

Unless something is done to give protection to the citizen against a defamatory press, we fear that homicides for libel will become more instead of less frequent. "Strong personal journalism" will have to write with one hand on a revolver and a revolver at the door to expel intruders. And, even then, the writer will not always escape.

There is no real freedom for journalism without the feeling of grave responsibility for printed words; and there can be no lasting peace unless reputable citizens are guaranteed protection in that inner castle of life which is called reputation. Whenever a man, blindly reveling in his strength, uses his newspaper as if it were a bludgeon with which he may indiscriminately knock down the passers-by, smiting here and there according to the whim or passion of the moment, he is an Ishmaelite, and ought to be arrested with as little ceremony as the crazy Frenchman who, the other day, assaulted women on Fourteenth Street.

A GREAT GERMAN ENTERPRISE.

TIME was when the announcement that the German Government intended to pierce the Jutland Peninsula with a ship-channel would have aroused the stern hostility of Russia. Now, among the Northern Powers, there is no adverse feeling to the execution of the contemplated waterway, which, according to recent dispatches from Berlin, will be undertaken as a work of the German Empire. The Confederation of Teutonic states has shown in the past little liberality or enterprise in furthering public works; indeed, it may be said that the spirit of the institutions there is against the Haussmann idea. Had France been populated by Germans, no such enterprise as the Suez Canal would have been possible under a bold engineer like M. de Lesseps; and the intelligence that Germany is to undertake in earnest the union of the North Sea with the Baltic may well astonish those who have been accustomed to marvel at her small pace in modern progress. For instance, as against over 10,000 patents annually issued in the United States, Germany grants less than one hundred; and the nation which has given to us Goethe, the most eminent man of letters of the nineteenth century, by proscriptive measures still puts all Latin tongues as a measure of public policy in quarantine. When, therefore, the mercantile interests of the empire find a champion, as they seem to have found in some progressive head, in favor of affording to navigation a channel whereby commerce can escape the dangers of the Skager Rack and the Cattegat, a most noteworthy advance has been made in German policy.

Nor is it difficult to see the dollar lurking in this promised union of the Northern waters. Vessels now passing from the Baltic to the North Sea must pay heavy tonnage dues at the Danish gateway on the north, besides encountering maritime perils which have existed in song and story since the days of the old Vikings. To avoid this exacting tariff, and to have a channel on German soil, through which can be taken vessels of the deepest draught navigating the northern waters is the object of Germany in the present instance. It will be remembered that, after the Danish war, Schleswig and Holstein were ceded to Prussia and Austria, and, after the battle of Sadowa in 1866, both states became a part of the North German Confederation. It was, doubtless, a feature of the far-seeing policy of Bismarck, in forcing the fight upon Denmark, to exact suitable territory through which to build a canal that would give to Germany a grip on the commerce of the North Seas, and a base for naval operations not less important than Cronstadt to the Russians.

Certainly no work of engineering could better engage the attention of Germany, from whatever standpoint viewed, than to provide for a safe outlet for the Baltic commerce delivering to her own ports.

PURITANICAL VAGARIES.

MODERN progressive thought—and unless thought is progressive it can scarcely be said to be modern—takes many new forms and assumes multifarious guises. In religion the John Wesley of yesterday may be the Beecher of to day, the Dissenter of the past the Ingersoll of the present, or the pious circuit rider of a dead-and-gone generation may reappear to us in the converted and church-going apologist of horse-racing, Colonel Tom Buford, of Kentucky. In the total-abstinence field the fiery apostle of two score years ago is now become the philanthropist who tells us that total abstinence is not temperance, and who in all sincerity urges us to take a little claret at dinner for our stomach's sake, or, at the very least, a few glasses of beer daily to keep the system in wholesome condition. In matters of art and taste, the terra-cotta graven images and other "best-room" horrors of our grandmother—more likely of our maiden aunts—in realistic vindication of Mr. Darwin's pet theory, have now expanded into the broader realm of white-and-yellow aestheticism, of which Mr. Oscar Wilde claims to be the special evangel.

If it be true, as the ecclesiastical astronomer of Richmond asserts, that the "sun do move," it would be equally obvious to a keen observer of the times that even the earth itself emulates the example of the

sun. Several events of contemporaneous occurrence, however, when considered from the point of view of the magnetic telegraph, with its bogus political proxies, the electric light, which turns New York streets upside down, not to mention Jay Hubbell and the Keely motor, lead one for the moment to entertain grave doubts whether the world did not reach what physicians call the "dead point" of its axle-tree and come to an eternal stand-still, in the good old days when they burned so-called witches in Salem, cut off people's tongues for slandering their neighbors, and punished men by fine or imprisonment for the heinous offense of kissing their wives and babies on the "Lord's day."

How else can we explain the case of the Presbyterian clergyman in Pittsburgh who has officially learned, to his sorrow, that he is no longer allowed to take the railway train on Sunday morning to reach his country parish, fifteen miles distant, under pain of being deposed? To be sure, he is granted leave to ride in a wagon, or on horseback, from Pittsburgh to his out-of-town church; but, as some one has suggested, the Presbytery could scarcely have taken into their calculation the condition of the roads within a radius of fifteen miles around the Smoky City, and the consequent temptation to indulge in language not orthodox when used outside of the pulpit.

Another similar instance, which has recently been brought under our personal observation, was that of a professional temperance lecturer who took the Sunday train from Clifton Springs, in the central part of the State, to the village of Phelps, five miles distant, to keep an engagement to lecture on Sunday evening. When it was discovered that the lecturer had patronized "the cars" on the Sabbath—even though his mission was to save men from the error of their ways—they flatly refused to let him address an audience in the place. He was accordingly taken back to Clifton Springs in a carriage, the horse being harnessed and driven by the good brother who was mainly responsible for not allowing the lecturer to speak, and this same good brother remained at Clifton Springs and heard the recalcitrant, Sabbath-breaking, railroad-patronizing lecturer in the evening, and probably did not reach home till an hour when his wife had exhausted her Christian patience in waiting for his return. It is too nice a point to attempt to settle here, or even to discuss, as to the difference in degree of sin between comfortably riding in a railway carriage—which was going anyway—or disagreeably jolting along in a farm-wagon, which else would not have been used, the more especially as in both of these instances the men were—ostensibly, at least—working for the good of their fellows. Every one, however, in this country, at least, may draw the line where he chooses—at nineteenth-century civilization and common sense, or at eighteenth-century blue laws and barbarism. To the one class, liberty means that everybody shall do as you please he shall do, even if you have to make him do it; to the other class, a regard for law, provided the law is agreeable, as in the case of the deacon in puritanical days who would not drive out on Sunday when at home in Connecticut, but traveled as much as he liked in New York on that day because there was no law against it here.

A RIGHTEOUS DECISION.

THE question whether the owners of property abutting upon the streets of New York city have any rights which the elevated railroad corporations are bound to respect has been in dispute heretofore, but is no longer. In the case of *Rufus Story vs. The New York Elevated Railway Company*, the inferior courts decided that the plaintiff had no remedy for damages done to his property by the erection of the defendant's road in front of his premises. But the Court of Appeals has overruled this decision, and ordered a re-trial to determine the amount of the damages, if any, which the plaintiff has sustained. The railway, as it is constructed, the Court finds, "will to some extent obscure the light of the abutting premises opposite to it, and will to some extent impair the general usefulness of the plaintiff's premises and depreciate their value." Whether a street can be lawfully appropriated to "a structure which is subversive of, and repugnant to, the uses of such street" as an open public highway, is a question of legislative power. The Court believes the Legislature has no such power. "If," it says, "one road may be authorized to be constructed upon two series of iron columns placed in the street, another may be authorized to be supported upon brick columns, or upon brick arches spanning the street. If a superstructure may be authorized which spans the entire carriage-way at fifteen feet above the bed of the street, one may be authorized which spans the entire street from building to building, thus excluding light and air from the street and from the property abutting thereon. Thus an open street would be converted into a covered way, and so filled with columns or other permanent structures as

to be practically impassable for vehicles." Thus the covenant of the city to "for ever continue and keep open the street" might be utterly annulled, and the value of the property abutting thereon be greatly impaired if not utterly destroyed.

That this is a reasonable and just view of the question every impartial mind must concede. If it is not good law, it certainly ought to be. It seems strange, indeed, that a principle so obviously sound and sensible has ever been for one moment questioned in a court of justice. We concede the great public importance and value of the elevated railways, and that they are a necessity of our civilization; but the principle that private property shall not be taken for public use without compensation cannot be set aside for the benefit of those who build and operate them—nay, not even for the benefit of the public. The popular dread that corporations may usurp control of legislation and sway the decisions of courts of justice is wholesome in itself and amply justified by passing events. It is in no sense an agrarian sentiment, and it cannot safely be trifled with. It has its roots in that sense of justice and love of personal liberty in the popular heart which is the best support of free institutions. Corporations must be protected in their just rights and immunities; but, on the other hand, they must learn to submit to such just restraints and regulations as the public welfare requires.

It is to be regretted that the decision of the Court of Appeals was not unanimous, for then there would be little danger from any attempt to set it aside. The fact that the decision was reached by a bare majority (four to three) is likely to beget a hope on the part of the corporators that it may hereafter be reversed by a change in the personality of the Court, and, perhaps, it may even lead to intrigues on their part to control the action of the political parties in the nomination of Judges. The decision, however, is likely to be supported by such a weight of public sentiment as to render such intrigues unavailing.

A NOTABLE CHANGE OF BASE.

THE growing importance of the temperance agitation is manifested in various ways—by movements for greater restrictions upon the liquor traffic, by demands for constitutional amendments absolutely prohibiting the manufacture and sale, by the enforced recognition of the question at the hands of unwilling politicians in party platforms. But none of these, nor all together, are so significant of the progress of the movement as the change in tone on the part of the liquor-dealers themselves.

Hitherto men engaged in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks have resisted all attempts at legal interference or supervision, and have set at defiance the public sentiment against their business. Not content with enjoying the same privileges as men in other kinds of trade, they have insisted upon special exceptions in their favor, and have sought to evade regulations like the Sunday law, which are enforced upon other classes of the community. It is undoubtedly true that the insolence of their attitude has strengthened the public feeling against liquor dealers as a body, which has become of late years so threatening to their traffic.

Apparently, the dealers themselves at last begin to realize this salient fact, and have concluded to bend before a popular breeze which they can no longer resist. Conferences recently held in the West of the National Distillers' and Liquor-dealers' Association, and of the Liquor dealers' and Manufacturers' Protective Association, illustrate most strikingly this change of tone. The former organization adopted resolutions declaring themselves in favor of placing the sale of spirits on the same footing as other merchandise, and calling for "a judicious license system throughout the country," and "the enforcement of all laws pertaining to the proper government of cities and towns." The other association declared themselves "decidedly in favor of abolishing all the abuses incident to the liquor traffic by a proper system of licensing and regulating the business."

It may, of course, be doubted whether these declarations are characterized by entire sincerity, but the important and significant fact is that it is considered necessary to make them. The very adoption of such resolutions is in itself a confession and an acknowledgment of an important change of public sentiment towards the liquor traffic. The dealers see that they can no longer defy the moral sense of the people with impunity, and the change of base which they are now executing is the strongest proof yet afforded of the growing strength of the temperance movement.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE meeting of the Irish National Conference at Dublin has been the engrossing subject in foreign affairs during the past week. Like all Irish gatherings, it was characterized

by no little turbulence, and the rivalry among the leaders led to open charges that Mr. Davitt was trying to break down Parnell, which were repeated despite Davitt's excited denials. Nevertheless, a fair measure of harmony finally prevailed, and Mr. Parnell, who presided and was the leading spirit of the occasion, vindicated his right to the leadership of the Irish Party. Mr. Egan sent in his resignation as treasurer of the Land League, with a statement showing that £244,820 had passed through his hands, of which nearly £32,000 remains on hand. Mr. Parnell declared that no solution of the land question could be final which did not secure to farmers the right of becoming owners of their holdings by purchase, and estimated that a fair amendment of the Healy clause would make an average reduction of twenty per cent. more in the judicial decrees fixing rent. The Conference established a central council of forty-eight members, thirty-two for the counties and sixteen for the Parliamentary party, which has issued an address to the people calling upon the tenantry to be reunited in vigilant and lawful associations for their protection from injustice. The Conference declared in favor of the payment of Irish members of Parliament, and introduced a social element into its programme by including the establishment of workingmen's clubs and reading-rooms among its objects. The moderate tone of the proceedings evidently offended the Davitt wing of the party, and marks a notable falling off from the spirit of the Land League epoch. Indeed, the course of Parnell and his sympathizers indicates that they recognize the folly of attempting to revive the old radical methods, in view of the Government's complete overthrow of the Land League and the strengthening of the Government's position by the beneficent working of the Land Act, and that this National League is in the nature of a tub thrown to the whale of popular agitation rather than a working organization to overthrow British rule.

A deadlock existed for some days in Egypt over the question whether Arabi Pasha should be allowed English counsel. The English authorities declared that the trial should not proceed unless Arabi was permitted counsel, and the Egyptian ministry replied that it could not be responsible for the government of the country if English counsel were to introduce methods of procedure unknown to Egyptian courts. The Egyptians, however, finally yielded and consented to the appearance of English counsel, three of whom are to represent Arabi when his trial comes on. No steps have yet been taken looking towards a final settlement of the future government. The Sultan has fallen into the hands of the reactionary party at Constantinople, who insist that Said Pasha, the conservative Prime Minister, has "sold out" Turkey to England, and seek to have him sent into exile.

The political situation in Spain is becoming interesting. Marshal Serrano is seeking the formation of a monarchical liberal party, and is holding long and amicable conferences with Prime Minister Sagasta, which show that King Alfonso is favorably disposed towards the project. Serrano thinks that the King is well disposed towards a liberal policy, and would accept the Constitution of 1869 with but very slight modification. Señor Castellar, the great Liberal leader of Spain, is quoted as pronouncing Serrano's attitude the most important and decisive event which has happened since the restoration of the Bourbons, and the result of the present negotiations is awaited throughout the country with intense interest.

The preliminary elections for members of the Prussian Diet have resulted in the expected victory of the Progressists and Secessionists by large majorities over the Conservative and Anti-Progressists in nearly all parts of the country.—The Russian Government continues its efforts to secure a stronger foothold in Eastern Roumelia, seeking to increase the number of Russian officers in the militia and the appointment of a Russian as chief of staff, but the other Powers oppose any disturbance of the *status quo*.—Serious troubles have broken out among the miners at Montceau-les-Mines, France, and many rioters have been arrested. A force of 2,000 troops had to be called out to establish order.

THE remarkable story comes from New Orleans that a gentleman of that city has found a picture, which he recently bought from a poor Spanish family, to be Raffaello's long-lost "The Last Supper" painted by that great master in 1506, the same year as the "Dispute of the Sacrament." The canvas is three feet four inches high by four feet seven inches wide, and the figures are in a good state of preservation, while the artist's name is still distinguishable. The painting was lost at the sacking of Rome in 1527, and its whereabouts have only been traced back about one hundred years, during which it has been in the possession of a Spanish family.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR cannot be said to act precipitately in matters of administrative detail. Three months ago the Government counsel in the Star Route cases uniting in a letter to the President, stating that ex-Senator Spencer, who was relied upon to furnish important testimony, had failed—although holding the position of Government Director of the Union Pacific Railway—to appear when wanted, and suggested that he was manifestly an unfit person to hold an office of trust and emolument by Executive appointment. The propriety of this suggestion would seem to be undoubted, but the President apparently takes a different view, for up to this time the fugitive Spencer still remains in office, and the spectacle is presented of the Government paying a regular salary to, and reposing undiminished confidence in, an employé who defies its process and treats its authority with contempt. It is

certainly a pity that the President cannot find time to consider a case which so directly involves the interests of public justice and the dignity of the public service.

THE Star Route thieves have made one last attempt to stem the tide of popular condemnation by springing a story that the Government, and not they, sought to seduce the jury by offers of bribes. They appear to establish the fact that some agents of the Department of Justice who were appointed without proper examination of their character were guilty of attempts to tamper with the jury. But, instead of showing that these faithless employees were directed by the Attorney-general to offer bribes for a verdict of conviction, investigation promises to show that these men were spies employed by the defendants in an effort both to smirch the prosecution and help their own chances of acquittal. Mr. Brewster has promptly dismissed the implicated officials and will try to secure their proper punishment, while the revelations, instead of modifying public sentiment towards the ring, have aroused a stronger feeling against them. It should, at the same time, stir the Government to renewed efforts for their conviction at the next trial.

THE Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania has commenced an active personal canvass of the State, and, judging from such indications as we have, seems to be steadily gaining ground with the people. With the Bourbon leaders of the party, however, he does not appear to be a favorite, owing to his honest and straightforward denunciations of machine management, but this fact is rather an element of strength than of weakness in the present temper of the public mind. It is not impossible that the Republican bosses may be able, in one way or another, to procure some Democratic votes for their candidate—they are at any rate working to that end; but the issue of the contest will show how utterly futile all the ordinary methods of the "practical politician" have become, as affecting general results, when confronted by an awakened public conscience and the loftiest estimates of personal duty. The Independent Republican canvass is growing in vigor and enthusiasm, and in some of the party strongholds the vote for the Independent candidate is likely to be greater than that cast for the machine nominees.

ONE of the most extraordinary tragedies on record occurred in Knoxville, Tenn., last week, when Major Thomas O'Connor shot dead General Joseph A. Mabry, was then shot by Mabry's son, and just as he received his own death wound fired a shot at young Mabry which killed him. An affray in which a father, a son and a third party are all three brought to their death within as many minutes would be noteworthy under any circumstances. In the present instance it is especially remarkable from the fact that O'Connor was a bank president and the richest man in the State, while General Mabry was a large landowner and prominent citizen, and his son rushed to avenge his father's death from the court-room where, as Justice of the Peace, he was administering the law. The triple murder appears to have been traceable to a dispute between O'Connor and the senior Mabry over the foreclosure of a mortgage, when Mabry threatened to kill O'Connor on sight. The whole feud was worthy of savages, and a community which educates men to such methods of settling business disputes scarcely has a right to call itself civilized.

THE result of the recent election in West Virginia was as much of a surprise, in a small way, as the outcome of the Ohio contest. Two years ago, in the former State, the Democratic plurality was 11,148, and a solid Democratic delegation in Congress was chosen by an aggregate plurality of 7,308. This year, the Republicans carry the First District by a majority of 1,850, and nearly or quite carried the Second District, while the Democratic majorities in the Third and Fourth Districts—a new district having been created since 1880—are reduced to a minimum, and their State ticket slips in by only 2,000 majority. The changes in the First Congressional District extended to nearly every county, and were chiefly due, it is said, to the prominence given to the Tariff issue by the Republicans. The latter were outspoken in demanding that the tariff should be so adjusted as to favor American labor whenever it comes into competition with foreign labor, while the Democrats evaded the question or discussed it in so hesitating a way as to excite the suspicion that their theories were not in harmony with the interests of a State possessing great mineral and manufacturing resources.

THE annual report of the Director of the Mint shows that the coinage during the fiscal year ending with last June was the largest in the country's history, the coinage of gold being \$89,413,447, that of silver \$27,783,388, and that of base metal \$644,757, making a grand total of \$117,841,592. Director Burckhardt estimates the total paper and specie circulation of the country on July 1st at \$1,543,710,432, a gain of nearly \$75,000,000 during the year, and, deducting the \$319,504,055 held by the Treasury and the \$203,833,800 in the banks, makes the amount actually in circulation over one thousand millions—\$1,020,372,577, to be exact. The most discouraging fact developed by the report is the steady growth in the accumulation of silver dollars. Not only was there a decline in the production of gold from the previous year of about \$5,000,000 and an increase in that of silver of \$2,600,000, but the compulsory coinage of silver has swollen the pile of unavailable "dollars of the fathers" by about \$28,000,000. So long as all is plain financial sailing, people will probably not worry about

this worse than ridiculous policy, but it will be a wonder if, sooner or later, the country does not pay dearly for such utter folly.

Ir almost seems as though it were impossible to secure the erection of a public building in an honest and workmanlike fashion. The new Capitol at Albany has cost already ever so many more millions than the estimates, and now a commission of architects has decided that the stone ceiling of the Assembly Chamber must be removed, lest it tumble down some day upon the law-makers, and it will be necessary for them to meet, next winter, in apartments set apart for an altogether different purpose. At the same time it is discovered that the expensive copper roof of the new State, War and Navy building at Washington, one of the most imposing structures in the country, is a sham, the numerous leaks and the consequent ruin of the plastering having made the upper floor untenable. This building has cost a vast sum of money, but its solid and trustworthy appearance was calculated to reconcile the captious taxpayer to its great expense, until this revelation relegates it to the great class of public building frauds. If either the Albany or the Washington disclosure were the first instance of the sort, it would produce a national scandal, but the public has grown so accustomed to seeing public edifices pass from the hands of builders into those of repairers that it has almost come to regard the occurrence as inevitable.

THE reopening of the Spanish-American Claims Commission has given Secretary Frelinghuysen an opportunity to enunciate in excellent terms the American theory of naturalization. Some time ago Count Lewenhaupt, who had been made umpire of the Commission, delivered a remarkable opinion, in which he took the ground that the Commission had the right to decide as to the value of a certificate of naturalization, and even that naturalization has, within the limits of the country of origin, no other effect than the Government of that country may voluntarily concede. Our Government very properly refused to accept any such doctrine, and Mr. Blaine, who was then Secretary of State, took the ground that the Commission had no right even to consider this question, which could only be decided by the Government concerned. Secretary Frelinghuysen sustains his predecessor's position, and instructs the agent of the United States before the Commission that this body has no power or right to inquire into the motive or object of an applicant for naturalization, but can only inquire whether any person claiming to be naturalized has really been naturalized by a competent court, whose judgment must be held as binding on this subject as on any other. Of course, Mr. Frelinghuysen utterly repudiates the doctrine that naturalization has only such effect within the country whence the immigrant may come as its Government may choose to concede.

GENERAL CROOK, who long since became famous as the "Indian fighter" of the army, was recently placed in command of the Department of Arizona, with special reference to a settlement of the long-standing trouble with the Apaches. The way in which he has set at work to bring about this end is most interesting. The Apaches are a savage and ugly tribe, whom it has become quite the fashion to regard as utterly intractable. The first thing that General Crook did, however, was to seek conferences with the leaders, and invite them to tell their side of the case. He found them sullen and suspicious, but when they became convinced of his sincerity, they poured forth the story of their grievances—as that their interpreters were incompetent and prejudiced, that one Government officer would tell them one thing and another something else, and so on, until they had about concluded that they might as well die fighting as in any other way. General Crook's report leaves no doubt that he believes many of these grievances well-founded, and he advises that the Indians be treated more like human beings, while he has issued an order requiring officers to observe the strictest fidelity in their dealings with the savages. At the same time he has served notice on the Indians that no mercy will be shown the disorderly, while every encouragement will be given those ready to be quiet and industrious. For an Indian fighter, this certainly seems an admirable peace policy.

THE citizens' movement in this city, looking to the nomination of a non-partisan ticket for municipal officers, seems likely to develop into formidable proportions, notwithstanding the withdrawal from it of a few of its original promoters, to whom the nomination of Mr. Edson for the Mayoralty has proved satisfactory. The basis of the movement, as stated in the platform of its supporters, is that "the government of the city is essentially a business trust which, like any other business trust, should be free from all party considerations, and administered solely with reference to honesty and economy." To secure such an administration it is justly held that there must be a Mayor who will not only possess high character and ripe experience in municipal affairs, but be so nominated and elected as to be absolutely free of all partisan embarrassments. In furtherance of these views, a committee of fifty prominent citizens has been appointed to select a candidate for Mayor and take charge of the campaign. Popular opinion has so clearly indicated Mr. Allan Campbell as the man for the crisis that he will undoubtedly be named by the committee as the citizens' candidate, and, unless all signs are deceptive, he will prove a serious obstacle in the way of Democratic success. Taking the situation as a whole, it is certainly much more full of encouragement as to the probabilities of an upright municipal administration during the next two years than seemed at all possible at the commencement of the agitation of the subject.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

JOSEPH N. DOLPH has been elected United States Senator from Oregon.

SIX steamships landed 2,517 immigrants at this port in one day last week.

THE National Cotton Planters' Association has resolved to hold a World's Centennial Cotton Exposition in 1884.

TWENTY men were injured, many of them fatally, by a railway collision at North Adams, Mass., on the 21st instant.

THE remains of Miss Fanny Parnell were finally deposited, last week, in a vault in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Boston.

WENDELL PHILLIPS has been nominated for Congress by the Prohibitionists of the Fourth Massachusetts District.

AN organization has been effected at Cincinnati, Ohio, for the purpose of encouraging agricultural pursuits among Israelites.

ACTIVE preparations are again making to give the "Passion Play" in this city. The representation ought not to be permitted.

A DEFECT in the law rearranging the Congressional Districts of Tennessee debars the voters in three counties from voting for Congressmen.

THE starch manufacturers of the West have agreed to consolidate their business under one management with a view of more effectually controlling prices.

DIPHTHERIA is very prevalent in Lebanon, Pa., One family lost three children by the disease within ten days, in another there have been two deaths, and so on.

THERE were 141 failures in the United States during the past week; 16 more than the preceding week, and 32 more than the corresponding week last year.

THE Board of Trade of Philadelphia has instituted a suit to prevent the obstruction of the streets of that city by the erection of telegraph and electric wire poles.

WASHINGTON is rapidly filling up in anticipation of the Winter session of Congress. The demand for houses, rooms and similar accommodations exceeds anything known for many years.

FOUR men and one woman, all negroes, were hanged at Eastman, Ga., October 20th, for complicity in a riot during a camp meeting last August, in which a young white man was murdered.

On account of the repairs to the White House not having been completed, the President will take up his residence temporarily at the Soldiers' Home, where a cottage has been prepared for his use.

BOTH branches of the Oregon Legislature have ratified, by large majorities, the proposed woman suffrage amendment to the Constitution, and it will be submitted to the voters at the next election.

JUDGE VAN BRUNT, of the New York Court of Common Pleas, has decided that all kinds of betting at races is illegal and refused to allow bookmaking at Jerome Park. The owners of the Park will appeal.

YELLOW FEVER raged at Pensacola, Fla., last week with unabated fury, the whole number of cases having been increased to 838 and of deaths to 156. The fever has also appeared in other places in the vicinity.

A NATIONAL CONVENTION of liquor dealers, held at Milwaukee last week, formed an organization for the purpose of resisting the Prohibitory movement in the several States, and appointed an executive committee to manage and direct their cause.

ACCORDING to a statement of the elevated railroad managers of this city, the number of passengers transported over the different lines has increased from, in round numbers, forty-six million passengers in 1878-79 to 86,361,029 passengers in 1881-82.

THE old Post office property on Nassau Street, in New York city, was sold last week for \$650,000. The property was the site of the Middle Dutch Church, which was built in 1727, and was occupied by the British during the Revolution as a riding school for dragoons.

THE General Convention of the Universalist Churches of the United States, held in Philadelphia last week, adopted a resolution denouncing capital punishment as barbarous, and recommending the imprisonment for life as a substitute. A resolution in favor of liquor prohibition was also adopted.

THE Secretary of War has submitted to the Judge Advocate general for an opinion the question whether the persistent refusal on the part of an officer of the army to pay his just debts and obligations does not make him liable to trial by court-martial on charges of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

THE United Democracy of New York city have nominated the following municipal ticket: For Mayor—Franklin Edson; for County Clerk—Patrick Keenan; for Sheriff—Alexander V. Davidson; for Judges of the Superior Court—Richard O'Gorman and George L. Ingraham; for Coroners—Bernard F. Martin, Ferdinand Levy and William H. Kennedy.

A "CORNER" in Para rubber, the highest grade of India rubber, having carried the price up from sixty-five cents to \$1.20 per pound, with a large advance also in the cheaper grades through sympathy, a meeting of all the large rubber manufacturers in the country was held in this city last week, which resolved to close the factories on December 23d until the price comes down to reasonable figures.

Foreign.

DEALINGS in Confederate bonds are again reported in London, the price being 1½ per nominal \$100.

TWO vessels, one of the Danish and the other of the Dutch Arctic exploring expeditions, are said to be in dangerous positions in the Arctic Sea.

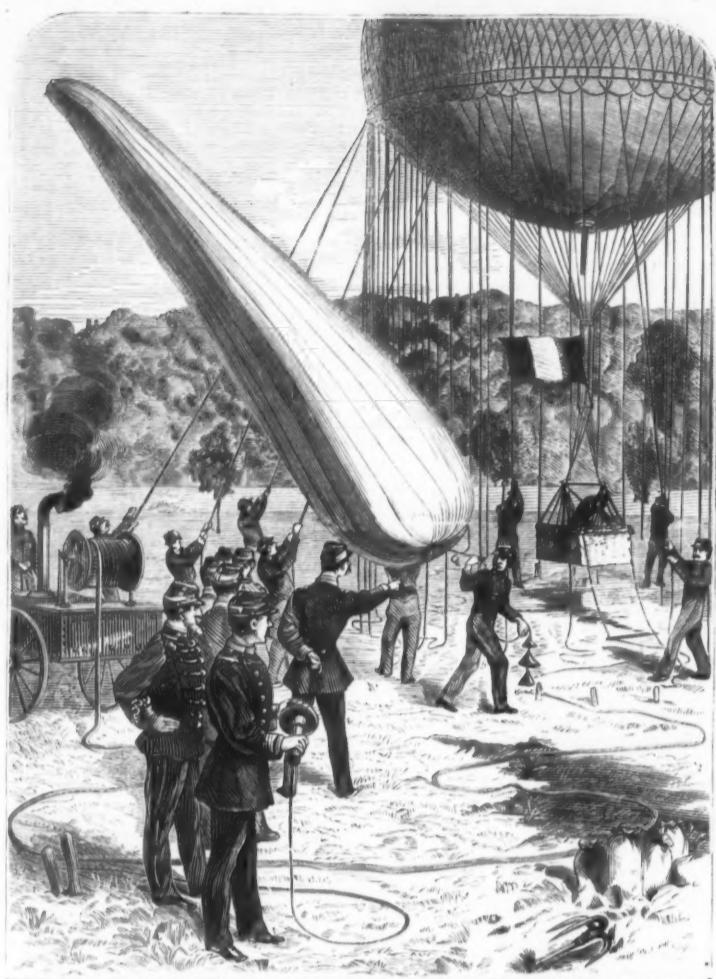
ST. PETERSBURG last week was encircled by incendiary fire in the woods, including within their circumference the Czar's residence at Gatchina. They are attributed to the Nihilists.

THE German ship *Constantia* came in collision with the steamer *City of Antwerp* off Eddystone, England, last week, and both vessels were sunk, fourteen of the steamer's crew being drowned.

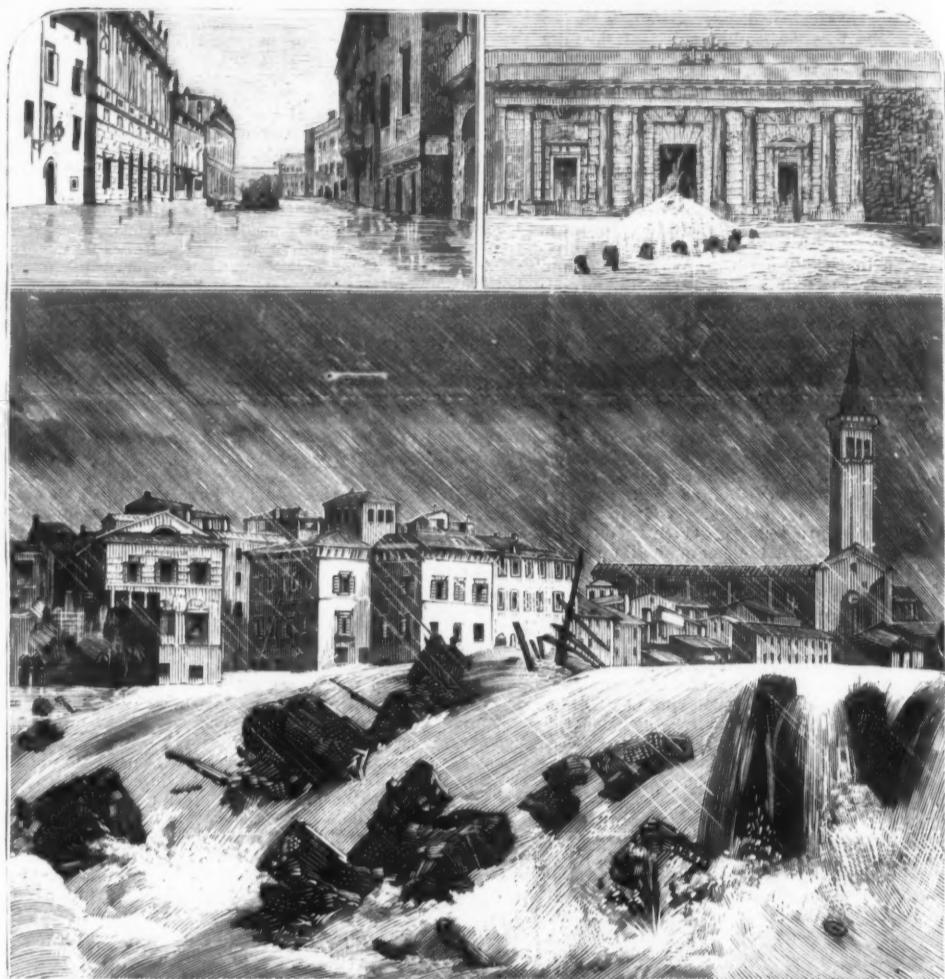
GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in a speech at Selkirk, Scotland, last week, said the resident magistrates in Ireland, in their last reports, were singularly unanimous in stating that the relations between landlord and tenant were improving, that rents were being fairly paid, and that intimidation was decreasing.

ONE of the chief counts in the indictment against Arabi Pasha is that, in violation of the right of nations, he hoisted a white flag in Alexandria, and under cover thereof retired with his troops and gave up the city to fire and pillage. Ninet, who was Arabi Pasha's European adviser, declares that he can prove by documents that the evacuation of Alexandria, and the defense of the country, were ordered by the Ministry and sanctioned by the Khedive.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.— See PAGE 151.



FRANCE.—MILITARY AEROSTATICS—TELEPHONIC EXPERIMENTS AT MEUDON.



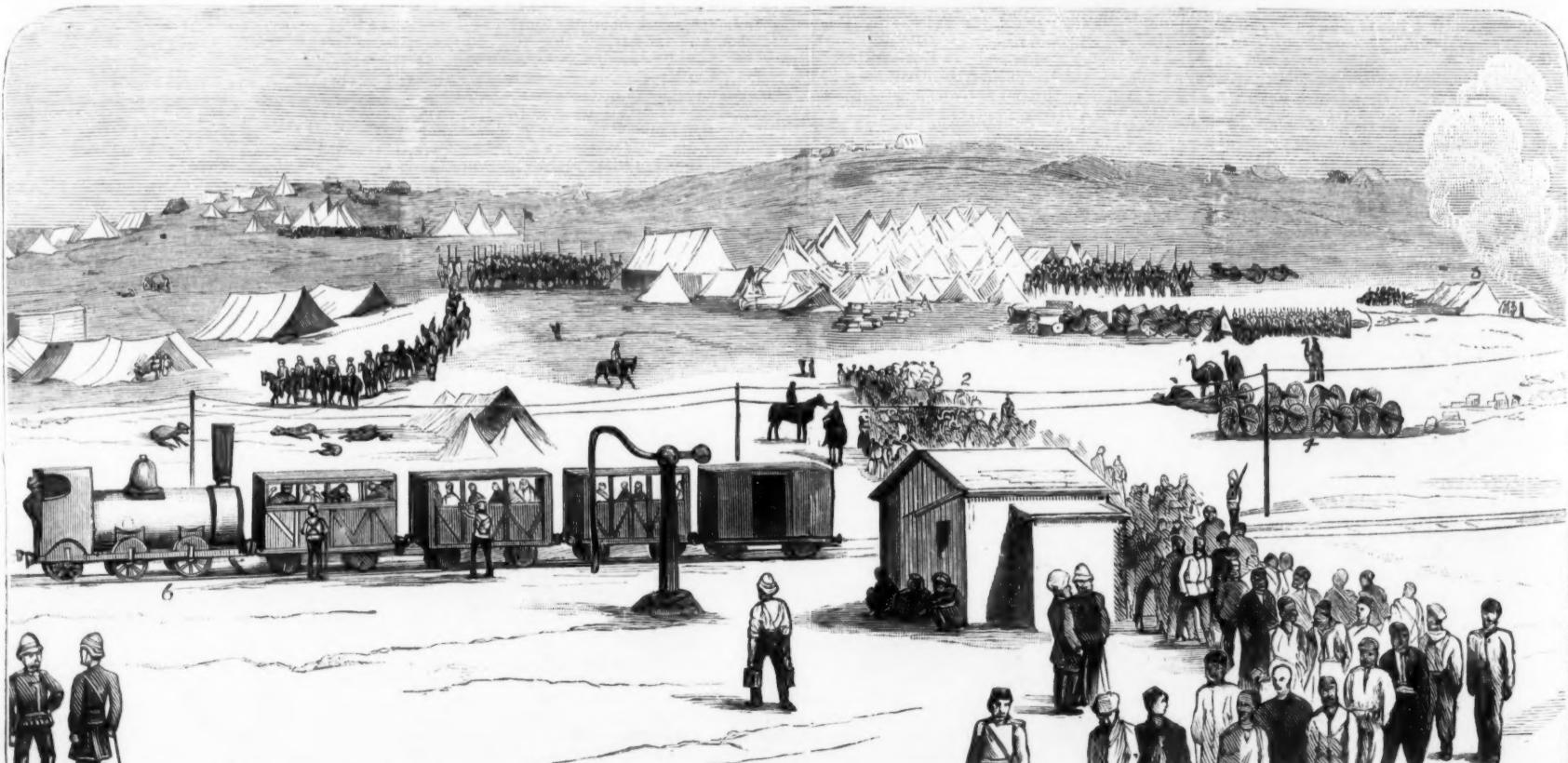
ITALY.—THE INUNDATION AT VERONA—DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW BRIDGE.



EGYPT.—ARABI AND TOULBA PASHAS, PRISONERS IN THE ABBASSIYEH BARRACKS, CAIRO.

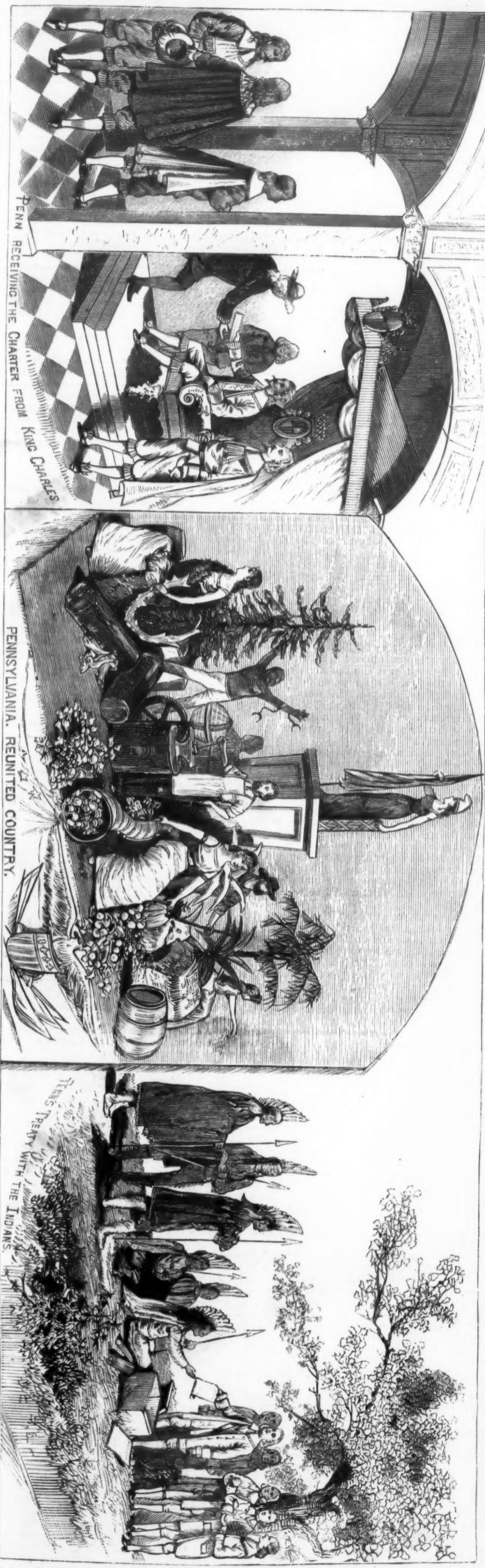


VENEZUELA.—BURIAL-PLACE OF INDIANS NEAR ATURES.

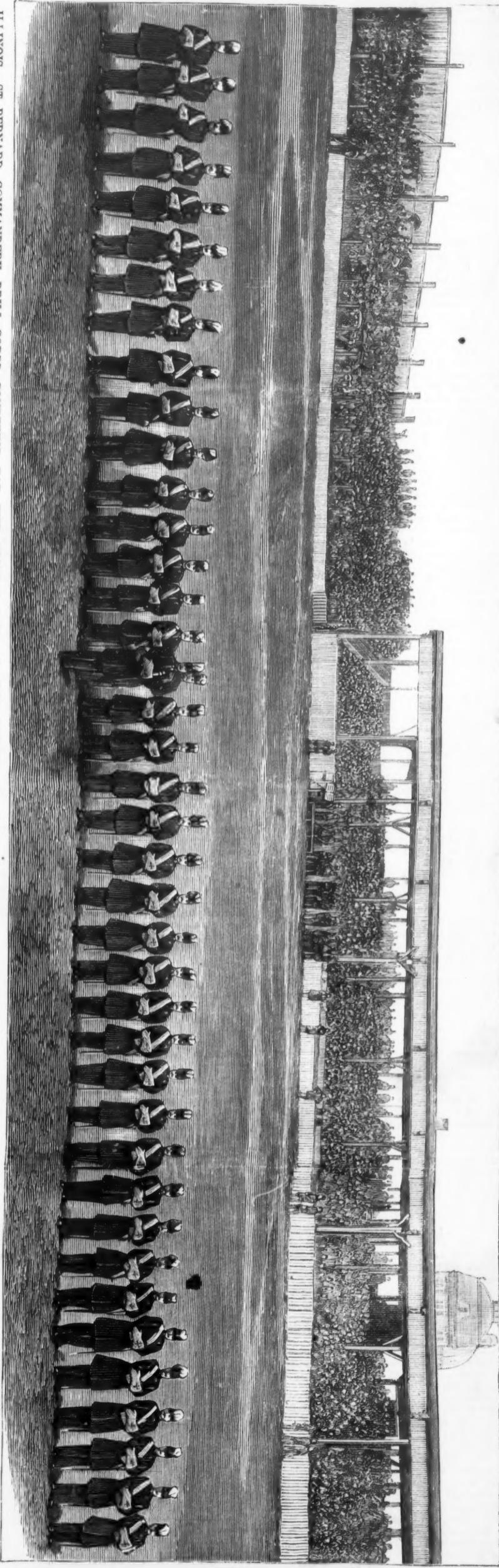


1. Horses Going to Water at the Canal. 2. Releasing Egyptian Prisoners. 3. Trenches and Redoubts Captured by the Highland Brigade. 4. Captured Guns. 5. Firing the Enemy's Ammunition. 6. Train Seized by the Bengal Cavalry.

THE LATE WAR IN EGYPT.—ARABI'S CAMP AT TEL-EL-KEBIR THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE OF SEPTEMBER 13TH.



ILLINOIS—ST. BERNARD COMMANDERY DRILL-CORPS COMPETING FOR THE PRIZE-BANNER OF THE KNIGHT TEMPLAR ORDER AT THE BASEBALL PARK, CHICAGO, OCTOBER 9TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COPELIN—SEE PAGE 151.



ROSE-TIME.

A PALE white rose for the love that died
In the bright dead Spring of the vanished year.
White as a snowflake, pure as a tear,
Sweeter than all the flowers beside.

So to my dead rose, Death's pale bride,
I bring, while the rose-time again is here,
A pale white rose for the love that died
In the bright dead Spring of the vanished year.

For the gates of the skies shall open wide,
And her voice shall come to me sweet and clear,
And waken to Summer the drear hill side,
As I lay on the grave of what life held dear,
A pale white rose for the love that died
In the bright dead Spring of the vanished year.

LURLINE.

I.

"HOWL away!" growled Westgate, glancing from the dim outline of the spars to the binnacle before him. "If we are not sent to the bottom in a lump together before morning, we shan't deserve our good fortune. I suppose one has a right to be eccentric on twenty thousand a year. Another man who deliberately went knocking about the Channel in a fifty-ton yacht on such a night as this would be called simply mad."

"You are a chronic grumbler, Westgate," said his companion, a powerfully-built young man, with a fine sunburned face and a pair of steady gray eyes. "If I had left you behind you would have been dissatisfied. There is no pleasing you. For my part, there is something very pleasant in this black sky and that tumbling water."

"Very good, Sommers," said the other, with a kind of affectionate petulance. "If it pleases you, take your fill of 'black sky and tumbling water.' I only hope that your oddities won't get you into trouble some day——"

"Hard over!" cried the lookout forward, at this moment.

"What is the matter?" called Sommers, making his way towards the bow.

"Something like a small boat, sir," answered the man, "right under our bows. I made her out a moment ago, coming out of the darkness like a ghost."

"Some fishing-boat adrift," suggested Sommers, peering into the gloom.

"She must have drifted twenty miles in the wind's eye, then," responded the man. "The French coast is off here fully that distance."

"I see her!" cried Sommers. "It appears to be a shore boat, and—yes, there is some one aboard of her. How, in the name of wonder, has that cockle-shell continued to live in such a sea as this?"

"Those as navigates such craft on a night like this don't follow ordinary rules of seamanship," said the man, solemnly, appearing to see something very mysterious in the affair. "If my advice was taken, we'd put the helm down and give that boat and whatever is aboard of her a wide berth."

"Come, Trip," cried Sommers, laughing, "these are not the days of the *Flying Dutchman*. The yacht is settling down towards her. Stand by to pass a line."

As the yacht swept down upon the boat, Sommers managed to leap into her. He lifted the inanimate figure just discernible in the bottom, and, after a desperate struggle, for the sea ran in mountains, succeeded in regaining the deck of his yacht. The lightened boat shot out of sight in the darkness.

With Westgate's assistance, he carried his senseless burden into the cabin and placed it upon a settee. By the light of the lamp the two young men saw a strange sight. Before them lay the figure of a young girl, a mere child, not more than seventeen years old. Her wet and clinging clothing revealed a slight but exquisite form. Her face was pale and damp with the moisture of the sea, yet the rare loveliness of it was apparent, even in her insensibility.

To Westgate's eye there was something almost malign in the girl's wonderful beauty, and, in spite of his reason, he was almost tempted to share old Trip's superstition.

Sommers, on the contrary, saw nothing but a piece of rare good fortune in his rescue of this lovely creature, strange as were the circumstances connected with it.

Another feature which added to the mystery of the young girl's presence in a boat, twenty miles adrift on a stormy night, was her strange dress. Her long, red-gold hair was bound with a fillet of coral and pearls. Her figure was incased in a sort of cuirass, resembling the scales of a fish, of a glittering emerald hue. Her limbs were covered with a clinging tunic of what seemed an ingenious imitation of seaweed. She wore pale-green leather buskins, sparkling with gems, which Westgate, who was a judge, pronounced real and of great value.

"A veritable mermaid," he said, half laughing, yet with a feeling of distrust for which he could not account. "You have caught a sea fairy, Sommers. Beware of her. She will play you some ugly tricks and plunge into the sea again. Mermaids always do."

"Poor child," muttered Sommers; "I wish I knew her history."

"Wait a moment," said Westgate. "She will tell as much as she pleases of it herself. See, she is reviving!"

The girl opened her eyes, and wonderful eyes they were: of a deep, vivid blue, clear and liquid as gems—eyes unlike any that the young men had ever seen before, both in their luminous beauty and in their calm, inscrutable expression.

She glanced about her quietly, then at the two friends, as if inquiring where she was, but did not speak.

"You are on board an English yacht," said Sommers. "We found you floating about in a boat twenty miles from land."

She looked at him fixedly, without replying or changing expression, as if she had not understood him.

"Try her in French," said Westgate; "she evidently don't comprehend a word you say."

"Yes," she interposed, speaking in a remarkably low and musical voice, with a slight accent, but of what nationality it was impossible to say. "I understand all that you say. You rescued me from the sea."

"Give Sommers all the credit," said Westgate, hastily. "It was never my luck to catch a mermaid."

She fixed her regard upon his cynical face with a gaze so intent and searching that he felt himself growing cold and uneasy. Then she turned calmly to Sommers.

"It was you who took me out of the sea. I shall not forget it," she said.

"We won't talk of that," interrupted Sommers; "but if you will tell us where your home is we will head the yacht for France."

"I am not a Frenchwoman," she replied, with unmoved quiet. "I do not wish to go to France."

"Then to England," said Sommers. "We were going to Southampton, but if you would mention any point nearer——"

"All points are alike to me," she interposed. "I will go where you go."

"But," said Sommers, a little nervously, "I don't know that you will like that. If you will tell us——"

"Ask me nothing," she interrupted again, "for I can tell you nothing. I have no home, no friends, but this yacht and you. Where you go, therefore, I will go."

Sommers left her and went on deck with his friend.

"What am I to do?" he asked of Westgate. "She will tell us nothing. How am I to dispose of her? To put her ashore in England without money and friends would be little better than to have left her drifting at sea."

"Don't ask me," returned Westgate, moodily. "I am all at sea myself. I feel as if I were in a nightmare. We find a young and wonderfully lovely girl at sea in an open boat by night, and in such a storm as tries a stout craft like our own—twenty miles off shore, too, where our seamanship tells us she could scarcely have got by ordinary means in this gale. Then she is attired like a true sea-spirit and will give no account of herself. All I can resolve from this witch medley is that I heartily wish you were clear of her."

"I don't know," said Sommers, thoughtfully, "but I shall be sorry to lose sight of such a lovely creature."

"There it is," cried Westgate, half-laughing and half in a tone of vexation, "the mermaid's spells are beginning to work already."

Owing to the heavy weather the yacht did not reach Southampton until late the following day. Meantime the rescued girl remained in the cabin which the young men had abandoned to her. Sommers's delicacy was too great to permit him to manifest any curiosity, after her firm refusal to speak about herself, and he would not allow Westgate to cross-examine her, as he was bent upon doing.

It was evident that she could not land in her present attire without creating a sensation. At Westgate's suggestion, some articles of female apparel were procured from the town. When the girl stepped upon the deck preparatory to landing, even Westgate could not repress a start of admiration. In the sober dress and bonnet which she had selected, she seemed the most piquant and charming little figure imaginable.

"She is a witch," whispered Westgate, as he shook hands with his friend at parting. "Beware of her, I say again, or you may regret that you did not leave her in that boat to rejoin her sea-queen kindred."

Sommers was puzzled as to what course he ought to adopt with his beautiful waif. As they stood together upon the pier, he said to her:

"We are in England. Will you tell me where you would like to go?"

"I will go with you," she returned.

"But you don't understand," he objected. "It's not exactly the proper thing. I'm thinking of you, of course. People would talk."

"I do not care for them," she said, as before. "I wish to go with you. If I may not, I will stay here or go away, out there, to the sea again. If you did not wish to care for me, you should have left me where you found me."

Driven to his wit's end by her strange pertinacity, he could do nothing but take tickets for her and himself in the train for London. He did it with many misgivings; but, as the train moved away, he was conscious of a dangerous satisfaction at the position of affairs. She spoke little during the journey, and Sommers found it sufficient occupation to watch his lovely companion in secret.

He succeeded in procuring lodgings in London, and a motherly woman to look after his charge. He simply told the woman that he had rescued the girl at sea; that she was without friends or a home, and that he felt it to be his duty to provide for her. When he was departing, the girl came to him, and, taking his hand, looked into his face with that odd gravity which seemed natural to her.

"You will come again," she said.

"Yes," he replied, "of course I will look in now and then."

"Every day," she persisted; "it must be every day."

"Well," he said, "it shall be every day, then."

II.

SOMMERS was the most scrupulously honorable of men. The idea of protecting this beautiful girl simply as a friend seemed a great breach of moral discipline. People would talk, of course. But what was he to do? To constitute himself her legal guardian would have been a mere farce, since he was but a few years her senior.

However, he found himself obeying her

command and visiting her every day. Despite his doubts it was no difficult task. Very shortly he began to spend most of his mornings with her, and to find it hard to tear himself away. It was a strange intercourse. She never reverted to her past by so much as a word. It was as if it had never been, or as if she had totally forgotten it. He never even learned her true name. She called herself Lurline, but it was evidently in allusion to the costume she had worn when rescued. It might have been her first name, it is true, though not a common name among women. But she never revealed any other.

People began to talk as he had predicted. His club friends laughed knowingly and the older folks looked grave. But he could make no change. His own feelings were now powerfully awakened. To see her face light with a warm glow and her eyes brighten as when sunlight falls on gems at his coming was too dear a happiness to forego. He was in love with her—in love, too, as he could never have been with an ordinary woman. It was a confused passion, a fascination mingled with doubts and qualms, but as strong as death. Indeed, he felt as if he should die if he were never to see her again; yet matters had reached a crisis with him when, if he wished to keep his self-respect, he must either never see her again or make her his wife.

But could he give this lovely, nameless stray his honorable and respected name? Why not? In spite of her silence—the mystery of her antecedents, indeed the mystery in which she lived—he could trust his own judgment of her. Such a face could hide no wrong. Whatever she might have suffered, her life had been that of a pure and good woman. The struggle with his prejudices was short. Love conquered, and he resolved to make known his hopes at once.

He went to her lodgings, and, when they were alone, seated himself beside her and put his arm about her waist. It was the first time he had suffered himself to offer the slightest familiarity with her. She turned her head and looked at him quietly and inquiringly, but did not resent the act.

"Lurline," he said, "the time has come when our intercourse on its present footing must cease."

She turned a little paler.

"If you wish to leave me—to see me no more, it must be so," she responded. "But I shall die."

She said it simply, quietly; without the least air of having given an unmaidenly expression to her feelings, but as if she had merely spoken a truth which she saw no reason to hide.

"Am I so much to you?" he asked.

"More than my life!" she said, still keeping her luminous eyes fixed upon him. "Have I not said that I should die if I were never to see you again?"

"Then I have nothing more to ask of destiny," he cried, "for I love you, Lurline. We shall never part until death severs us."

"Yes," she replied; "nothing but death can part us."

She suddenly covered her face with her hands, and when she turned towards him again she was smiling through her tears.

"All great happiness seems to contain a presentiment of its own destruction," she said. "A great horror came over me at the thought that some day you might doubt me and your love might grow cold. That would be worse than death."

"I have no fear of that," he replied, joyously; "such love as yours is too rare a treasure to grow tame and stale."

It was not long before Sommers's acquaintances were shocked by the announcement of his approaching marriage. Lurline's romantic story was well known, and Sommers was pitied for being "taken in" by a shrewd adventuress. Westgate came down to remonstrate with his friend.

"It will be pure martyrdom," he argued. "Nobody will receive your wife. You will be ostracized."

"So be it," responded Sommers. "Lurline and I are enough for each other."

"Well, if you have made up your mind," said Westgate, "of course it's none of my business, and, as your friend, you may expect every consideration on my part for your wife. But, oh, Sommers," he added, with a groan, "the mermaid has got you in her toils!"

As Westgate had predicted, Sommers soon found that his marriage had indeed ostracized him. He was invited nowhere, and his few calls were so coldly received that he did not repeat them. It must be confessed that he felt no great regret. As for Lurline, she seemed to regard their social isolation as a great boon.

A year passed away, a year of uninterrupted happiness for Sommers. In giving him Lurline, Destiny had seemed to have done for him all that was possible. A less partial eye than his could have found no flaw in her. She devoted herself to him with a passionate unselfishness. She seemed to have no thoughts, no wishes, no life aside from him. Often when he saw her hastening down the garden-path to meet him, the tears of very gratitude stood in his eyes. He had indeed found a jewel in the sea.

Only one shadow, if it could be called such, rested upon Sommers's joy—the mystery of his wife's past life. Drawn closer by their love than husband and wife usually are, that subject was not in common between them. She maintained an unalterable silence, rather the silence of forgetfulness than that of caution, and Sommers never questioned her. His love for her was identical with faith. His trust was perfect.

Yachting was a favorite amusement with Sommers, and Lurline seemed to have a passionate fondness for the sea. Often, with his wife and Westgate, who, despite his cynicism, had proved a true friend where others had fallen off, Sommers would spend a month cruising about the island.

He avoided that part of the Channel where he had found Lurline, feeling that the place would arouse unpleasant reminiscences. But on one of his voyages a stress of weather drove the yacht upon the coast of France. The yacht having suffered somewhat in her spars, he was compelled to put into St. Malo for repairs. During their stay Lurline remained in her cabin, saying she had no desire to see the port.

Just before the yacht started, Sommers was hailed from the pier and recognized an old college mate, Morton, by name, whom he had not seen for many years. Morton was returning from a protracted continental tour, and gladly accepted Sommers's invitation to return to England in his yacht.

The yacht was some distance from land before Mrs. Sommers came on deck. Seeing her husband with a stranger, she did not approach him, but remained near the companion-way. Sommers was about to speak to her, when the expression on his friend's face arrested the words. Morton was staring at his wife with a look of undisguised disgust and abhorrence.

"How did that woman come here?" he asked, taking no pains to lower his voice.

"Be careful," exclaimed Westgate, with an intuition of what was coming. "Change the subject, Morton."

"Good heavens, Sommers!" said Morton, with an air of alarm. "I hope you haven't got entangled with her. She's as dangerous a devil as ever wore a woman's shape. In Paris every one knows her. She made a stir there, I tell you. Ruined two or three marquises, caused a dozen duels and no end of scandal. A year or two ago a freak seized her. She went upon the stage of the Varieties in a scene play as a mermaid or something of the sort. In that character she took the fancy of a young nobleman from Brittany. But she was not to be tempted by his old name and his older castle, and the story runs that he abducted her from the stage-door one night and, dressed as she was, carried her down here to St. Malo. The details are not known, but it was supposed that she escaped from him in a boat and was drowned, for it was a stormy night. He was found dead by his own hand. The gay world has missed her and her scandals for year or more and supposed her safely out of the way. But here she is again on board a sober and moral Englishman's yacht. By Jove, it's a fatality!"

"It is, doubtless, a mistake," said Westgate, in alarm for his friend, whose white face was like a dead man's. "It is a case of remarkable resemblance."

"Not a bit of it," said Morton, obstinately. "I should know her anywhere."

Westgate drew Sommers apart from Morton and supporting his tottering form, whispered encouragingly: "Cheer up, old fellow. Morton is as near-sighted as a mole and as set in his opinion as he is blind."

"Look at her," muttered Sommers, with white lips. "Could such a woman as that ever have been the hideous wretch Morton has spoken of? Yet, my God, how horribly true it seems!"

His wife had evidently heard every word of the conversation, and she saw her husband's agitation. Yet she made no movement and never even changed countenance. She was a little paler, and there was a faint shadow in her beautiful eyes, that was all. As Westgate glanced at her it seemed to him that she was pitying her husband's suffering, but neither in doubt nor fear for herself. Presently she turned and slowly re-entered her cabin.

At sunset a change took place in the weather and at dark the yacht was heading up the Channel against a head-wind and a heavy sea. Westgate and Morton had gone below, the latter in no very pleasant mood with himself, having found how matters stood with his friend, and Sommers was pacing the deck in a state of mental anguish and despair. His love was struggling fearfully with his moral nature and his manhood, and his heart was lacerated with the contest.

At one of his quick turns a light figure glided up to him, and, without speaking, rested her cheek on his arm and passed her own arm around his waist. And so for a few steps he allowed her to keep pace with him. He looked down into his wife's face—it was upturned towards him with an innocent, confiding gesture like a nestling child. How calm, how pure, how womanly it looked! There was no expression of alarm or doubt in it; it was as if she never had dreamed that distrust or anger could come between them. She was smiling, too, and her eyes sh

with writing in his wife's hand, with the ink still wet, lay upon her table. With trembling fingers he picked it up and read:

"MY DARLING—For one long, long year we have been happy, have we not? Remember it and remember me as I seemed to you then, not as cruel friends would have you think me; for we shall meet no more. You have been taught to doubt me, and doubt kills love. What we have been to each other we could never be again. Try to forget, try to disbelieve, as you might, the shadow would be there and I should feel it, and it would blight me. Oh, the evil hearts of men!—they have destroyed you and me with a falsehood. I am not the unhappy woman who acted so wickedly. Will you believe me? Will you trust me rather than the proofs which seem so strong. Ah, no, you would seek to discover, to dispel or confirm your suspicions, and every step would lead you further from the truth, every day would grow darker; the love, ah the sweet, sweet love which has been ours, would die in your heart. It must be so. Therefore, I will cease to be while I am still happy. Yes, my love, in this last hour, the wonderful love which we gave each other, still throws its glory and its brightness upon me, and I am happy. Farewell, my husband; from the sea I came to you, and the sea I go again. Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

"LURLINE."

When he had groped through the letter, Sommers rushed wildly on deck. There was nothing in sight but the bleak sky and the wild sea. The yacht was crossing the very spot where he had rescued Lurline eighteen months before.

"Lurline!" he shrieked— "Lurline!"

There came, or, to his frenzied fancy, there seemed to come, a faint, sweet voice from the sea, repeating, in a tone of unspeakable sadness, the word, "Farewell." Sommers uttered a cry and fell insensible upon the deck.

For many weeks he lay at the point of death; when he slowly recovered, it was with a shattered reason. His mania is that his wife was no woman, but a sea-spirit, who came to him out of the deep and fled again when his love was shadowed with doubt. He spends his time cruising in the Channel, scanning the sea for something that never comes.

Of his hapless wife no certain traces were ever afterwards discovered. Morton averred that he had seen her again in her old place at the Varieties, beautiful and malignant as ever. But Westgate, who took the journey to Paris in order to see her, returned disgusted. He declared Morton blind as well as a meddling idiot. The creature at the Varieties, he said, did indeed resemble Lurline in some points, but it was impossible to mistake her for his friend's lost wife. The actress was simply a coarse and audacious Frenchwoman, while Lurline was—ah! heaven only knew what she was.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR REGISTERS AS A VOTER.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR evidently holds that the first citizen of the Republic is not exempt from the primary duty of citizenship—that of voting. In this view, he last week registered at the place appointed for that purpose in his district, thus setting a good example to that class of the population who too often neglect the performance of this important duty. The scene of the registration, and the incidents attending it, are thus pleasantly portrayed by the *Herald*:

"A stalwart man in blue leaned against a wooden Indian in front of No. 402 Third Avenue at ten minutes before seven last evening, lazily swinging a club. Upon the other side of the Indian hung the legend, 'Registry of Voters.' A crowd of small boys stood around and gazed more or less admiringly at the representative of 'the finest police in the world.' Within doors the proprietor was negotiating a trade of six Havana cigars for twenty-five cents. A man without a collar was vigorously denouncing Federal interference in State politics. Four registration clerks and a couple of inspectors in the back part of the room smoked cigars and superciliously pronounced conundrums to citizens who presented themselves. It was the place for registration of the voters of the Second Election District of the Eighteenth Assembly ditto. A moment later a carriage roared up. The door was flung open and a portly man, of dignified mien, attired in a closely-buttoned Prince Albert coat, a tall overcoat, and a high hat, alighted. Instantly the conservator of the peace threw off his listlessness and scattered the urchins right and left. Entering the door, the dignified man created an even greater commotion. The man behind the counter stopped in the act of putting up the cigars, and opened mouth and eyes to their fullest extent. A marked change came over the clerks and inspectors. The man with the absent neckgear suddenly became mute and looked anxiously towards the door. The portly man approached the desk, with a smile, while those behind bowed respectfully. The pedigree of a man in shirt sleeves was quickly concluded, and then Mr. Theodore B. Strich, the republican inspector, said: 'Hold up your right hand, please.'

"The portly man did so.

"You do solemnly swear (or affirm)," continued Mr. Strich, "that you will fully, well and truly answer all such questions as shall be put to you touching your name, place of residence, with your qualification as an elector and your right as such to register under the laws of the State of New York."

"The portly man kissed the book.

"Your residence?" said Mr. Strich.

"No, 128 Lexington Avenue."

"The place in the books had already been found by the eager clerks.

"Name?"

"Chester A. Arthur."

"The clerks omitted to shout 'What's that?' or Spell it."

"How long have you lived in the district?"

"Eighteen years."

"Native of the United States?"

"Yes."

"That is all, Mr. President."

"Thank you," said the portly gentleman, as he patted a little girl on the head who had been looking up at him with wide open eyes. Then he said "Good-evening," entered his carriage and was driven off. The President had registered."

THE PHILADELPHIA BI-CENTENNIAL.

THE present week will long be notable in the history of Philadelphia as marking the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the city and the commonwealth. The people of that city have always been justly proud of its history and position, and all classes of the population seem to have taken an eager interest in the preparations for the bi-centennial. The exercises began on Sunday, when special religious services were held in all the churches to commemorate the introduction of those principles of civil and religious liberty for which William Penn's career was distinguished. On Monday the scene shifted to Chester, a few miles below Philadelphia, at which place, in those early days known as uplands, the founder of the colony

first disembarked from the *Welcome*, the vessel which had brought him across the Atlantic. In commemoration of this event, a ship patterned after the *Welcome* sailed up to the wharf, on the day named, and landed the modern William Penn, dressed in the garb of two centuries ago, who was escorted with his suite to the Town-hall, where they were welcomed by the Mayor and city officials. On the following day a striking representation was given of the famous landing of William Penn at Dock Street wharf, on the site of historic Blue Anchor Inn, followed by a long procession through the principal streets. The feature set down for Wednesday was an elaborate trades' display, succeeded in the evening by a mystic pageant, torchlight parade and general illumination.

The growing fondness for spectacular displays was fully recognized by the managers of the celebration, who made the most extensive preparations for this particular pageant, which embraced thirty-seven "boats" or cars laden with historical and emblematic tableaux. Ten of the tableaux were designed to illustrate scenes in Pennsylvania history. One of these, of course, represented the landing of Penn, showing him in an old-fashioned ship's boat, with a high stern, on his way to the shore, surrounded by a number of Indian canoes, while on the shore a number of Dutch colonists awaited the landing of Pennsylvania's founder. A second represented the signing of the treaty with the Indians under "Treaty Tree," which has been made so familiar to the public by the engraving of the scene on the \$5 greenback. Another tableau set forth "The Delivery of the Charter of Pennsylvania to William Penn by King Charles," and represented a room in the palace of Windsor, in which were seen Charles II., William Penn, the Duke of York, the Chief Justice of that day, and several other characters. The last of the historical tableaux was entitled: "Pennsylvania—a Re-united Nation," and represented the Goddess of Liberty mounted on a Keystone, and surrounded by figures representing the East, the West, the North and the South, with emblems of all our important national trades and industries. A principal figure was a negro holding aloft the manacles that formerly shackled his arms. Other tableaux contained impersonations of the most illustrious women of the world, and the remaining cars illustrated a Persian oil poem particularly appropriate to the occasion.

THE PRIZE-BANNER OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

THE contest for the prize banner of the Knight Templar Order, which took place at Chicago on the 9th instant, between St. Bernard Commandery of that city and the Raper Commandery of Indianapolis, was an occasion of great interest. There were representatives present from commanderies in Louisville, Detroit, Indianapolis and other cities, and altogether some 6,000 persons witnessed the drill. The Rapers numbered six sections of six men each, in addition to two guides and a color-guard of three men. The Bernard corps numbered thirty-six sabres and its captain-general. The corps finished its drill in twenty-one minutes, and the Rapers in twenty-nine. Each was allowed forty minutes. The judges' record showed 390.9 points for St. Bernard to 374.2 points for Raper, out of a possible 440. Thus the banner remains with the Chicago commandery. That corps won it from Raper Commandery at the last competitive drill in Indianapolis, and it was in the hope of recovering it that the Rapers gave the challenge which led to this last test of skill.

Facts of Interest.

IT is estimated that the stock of kerosene-oil now in the hands of producers and refiners is nearly thirty millions of barrels—equal to a supply of the whole world for a year and a half. The production at the present time is in excess of the consumption.

THE appointment of the Count von Hatzfeldt to the Foreign Secretaryship of Germany has been definitely settled. It is considered by some persons that the appointment is an indication that he will eventually succeed Prince Bismarck.

THE experience of British Guiana fully supports the arguments of those who contend that a low rate of telegraphing is more remunerative than a high one. Since the introduction of a sixpenny telegram into that colony, the number of messages sent has increased nearly fourfold, and the revenue consequently almost doubled.

THE death-rate from accidental poisoning in Great Britain has been for some years steadily increasing, and, in the five years ending with 1880, was over 15 per cent. higher than in the five years preceding. The number of deaths during 1880 ascribable to accidental poisoning was 14 per 1,000,000, while the number ascribable to suicide was 8 per 1,000,000. In the ten years 1871-80, the number of male persons registered as having committed suicide by poison was 78 per 1,000 cases of suicide in all ways, and the number of females 172 per 1,000.

EASTPORT, Me., the great depot for native sardines, is growing with the rapid increase of the trade. Since 1876 the coast factories have increased from one to twenty-five, most of which are at Eastport, and the industry has not only made good sardines cheap, but has brought good times to this remote locality, where even the boys and girls earn from \$5 to \$8 a week.

LAST January was the warmest observed at St. Peterburgh for 130 years. The mean temperature for the first quarter of the present year was the mildest since the city was built by Peter the Great. The date of the breaking up of the ice was the earliest since 1822.

DALLAS, Tex., is said to be built over a graveyard of mastodons, and for five or six years past excavations for buildings have seldom failed to bring up their bones. A large number of these mastodon remains were unearthed a few days ago, and some of the bones were of enormous size.

UNTIL reconstruction days there had been but two postmasters at Charleston, S. C., from the establishment of the independence of the United States. The first postmaster was appointed by George Washington, and the second postmaster, Mr. Alfred Huger, held office until after the war ended.

THE Pennsylvania Supreme Court has decided that bay-windows overhanging the sidewalk are "an unjustifiable encroachment on the public highway, prejudicial to the interests of the community and the rights of individual property-owners in the city."

THE Swedish Government has decided that no individual shall be employed on railroads or on board ship in that country till his sight has previously been tested as to color-blindness, by a method devised by Professor Holmgren of Upsala.

IT is a remarkable fact that there are no rats in the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Repeated attempts have been made to acclimate the rodents there, as the flesh is much esteemed by the natives as an article of food. But the attempts thus far have failed, as they invariably die of consumption.

SIXTY-SIX sassafras oil distilleries in Buckingham County, Va., makes \$60,000 worth of oil per year.

THE building occupied by the Bank of England is undergoing several changes. An ancient doorway, which was closed and walled up in 1848, during the Chartist demonstrations, is about to be reopened, in order to facilitate the transaction of an increasing business. At the time this door was closed arrangements were made, as is well known, to place the bank in a state of siege. Its interior was garrisoned, and the roof was fortified with guns.

Among other changes now contemplated are the removal of the printing-office from the basement to the top of the edifice, and new quarters for the Secretary.

ENGLISH residents of Rome claim that, with proper care, the Eternal City now equals in healthfulness any city in the world. The deaths of English residents during last Winter were but sixteen, and of these the ages of seven were, respectively, 97, 85, 83, 76, 75, 68 and 65 years.

A BELGIAN sparrow has literally built her nest in the lion's mouth, having made her home in the jaws of the monumental lion surmounting the Belgic mound on the field of Waterloo.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., claims to possess the oldest hand fire-engine in the country. It was built by Brooks, of London, in 1698, and imported by the Moravians of Bethlehem in that year. In 1848, after a century and a half of honorable service, it was retired to the museum of the Young Men's Missionary Society, where it now is, and, moreover, in working order. These statements are attested by the maker's original bill and the shipping papers.

A NEW use has been discovered for potatoes. They can be converted into a substance resembling celluloid by peeling them, and, after soaking in water impregnated with eight parts of sulphuric acid, drying and pressing between sheets of blotting paper. In France pipes are made of this substance, scarcely distinguishable from meerschaum. By subjecting the mass to great pressure billiard-balls can be made of it rivaling ivory in hardness.

THE lions used as models by Rosa Bonheur for her painting of "The Lion at Home" cost \$1,000, and were kept by her for a year at an average cost of \$5 per day. The painting was sold to a gentleman of Nice, before it left the easel, for \$51,500.

THE celebrated rosebush at Hildesheim, in Hanover, believed to be 1,000 years old (tradition says it was planted by Charlemagne), never bore so many roses as this season. The shoots grafted on its trunk in recent years are growing admirably. The bush stands at the outer wall of the cathedral crypt. Its branches extend about thirty-eight feet high, and thirty-four feet in width. It is an object of much curiosity.

FROM Sydney is reported the discovery of a new building material at Suva, on one of the Fiji Islands. It is known as fossil coral, and when cut from a mass is soft, but on exposure to the air it looks and is very much like brick. During the short time it has been known it has satisfactorily stood the tests that have been applied to it. Orders have already been received for quantities of it to be used in building.

MULHALL, the English statistician, makes out this country the richest on the globe. He estimates that the value of property in the United States is \$50,000,000,000. He places England next in rank, with \$44,100,000,000, and France is third, with \$36,200,000,000.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Aerostatics in the French Army.

The recent Autumn manoeuvres of the French army have been carried on with considerable pomp and circumstance, and its organization, from an ultra-critical point of view, pronounced admirable. At Meudon a school has been established for the purpose of having students instructed in the uses of the war balloon. Our illustration represents an ascent a few minutes prior to the departure of the balloon, to which is attached a cone. This cone is fastened to the upper portion of the netting, and to its base are appended large weights of lead. When it is attached, the ascension begins and the telephonic experiments commence. When the necessary observations are made, the cone, by an order issued from below, detaches itself, and, aided by the leaden weights, falls almost vertically to within a few yards of its place of departure. Although we are unable to enter into minute details of this novel instrument, we are safe in saying that it will prove of immense service in war.

The Inundation at Verona.

The Adige is coquettish river. Sometimes it almost retires from the cities and villages that caress it. Sometimes it becomes too amorous, and disaster follows its fluvial embraces. Verona has been a favorite, an especially favorite, and of this quaint old city the river has been calmly fond; but on Saturday, the 16th of September, a wild fit of passion struck the Adige, and soon the alarming cry came from Ponte Nuovo, "The river is rising!" The authorities were soon on the alert, but were powerless. The inhabitants thronged the surrounding hills, in order to gain a good view of the flood that had already laid the surrounding plains under water. "L'Adige ha rotto," was now the cry, and to the people living in the lower lands of the town these terrible words meant destruction of household goods, and perhaps death. The seething, devouring waters sought the Porto Paol, and through it poured into the city. On the Corso Cavour, in the Via San Sebastiano, and in the densely populated quarters of San Zeno the tide rushed on. To add to the terror of the scene, the shades of night had fallen, and as the water had inundated the gasworks, the city was plunged in total darkness. Daylight showed the enemy still aggressive, still smiting noiselessly, still silently devouring the doomed city. On Sunday the flood had gained its highest point, and after having swept away bridges, houses, floats and furniture, commenced gradually to subside, leaving after it a scene of ruin such as grim-visaged war alone could achieve.

Burying-place of Indians near Atures.

A strange place of interment exists at Atures, in the neighborhood of San Fernando, New Granada, held in much veneration by the Indians. In order to reach it, a lonely savanna has to be traversed, then a river has to be crossed and an island reached bearing the name of Cucurut. Behind a thin curtain of trees and bushes is a natural grotto, formed by the overhanging of an enormous rock. Underneath this rock are hundreds of large earthen pots, each pot containing the remains of an Indian, surmounted by the skull. Some of the remains were simply wrapped in mats formed from the leaves of the Guatibus palm. There is a sacred burying place in a cave high up the side of an almost precipitous wall of rock, to reach which requires a skilled climber endowed with a powerful grip of foot and hand, and with a head that will not be affected with vertigo. Here are found the same class of coffins, if such a term is terminable, the ghoulish skulls grinning at the profligate intruder.

The late War in Egypt.

We give two additional illustrations of the late war in Egypt. One shows the appearance of the Egyptian camp at Tel-el-Kebir on September 14th, after the British had counted up the spoils, which amounted to a whole standing camp of 20,000 men, with full amount of provisions, arms, kit, etc., for that number, together with large numbers of camels and horses. Fifty-eight guns were captured, as well as many standards. The camp seemed with all possible comforts and luxuries, of which the victorious troops were not slow to avail themselves, putting the inmates quickly out of sight, and masquerading in the light flowing garments of the Egyptian warriors. Another illustration shows the prison of Arabs and Toula Pashas in the Abassiyeh barracks, in which they remained until conveyed to Cairo and placed in more luxurious quarters in the Abbin Palace. While confined at Abassiyeh, they were closely guarded by a detachment of mounted infantry.

THE block of stone which Nebraska contributes to the Washington monument has been completed. It measures four by six feet, bearing the State's coat of arms carved in ento-relief, two feet in diameter, and Nebraska's motto, "Equality Before the Law," in letters of solid silver. Surrounding this is a wreath, ornamented at the angles with enriched rosettes.

A most remarkable tragedy occurred at Louisville, Ky., a few days ago, being nothing less than the shooting of a boy by a cat. The little fellow was seated upon the floor playing with his toys, when the house cat, in passing along upon some shelving, knocked a pistol off, which upon striking the floor was discharged, sending a ball through the heart of the child, killing it instantly.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—BALTIMORE has inaugurated a movement for an Inter-State exposition in that city in 1884.

—IT is estimated that Great Britain will need 15,500,000 quarters of foreign wheat this year.

—A NEW Russian loan for \$40,000,000 will shortly be issued in London by the Rothschilds.

—SIXTEEN Philadelphia barbers were recently sent to jail for six days apiece for shaving on Sunday.

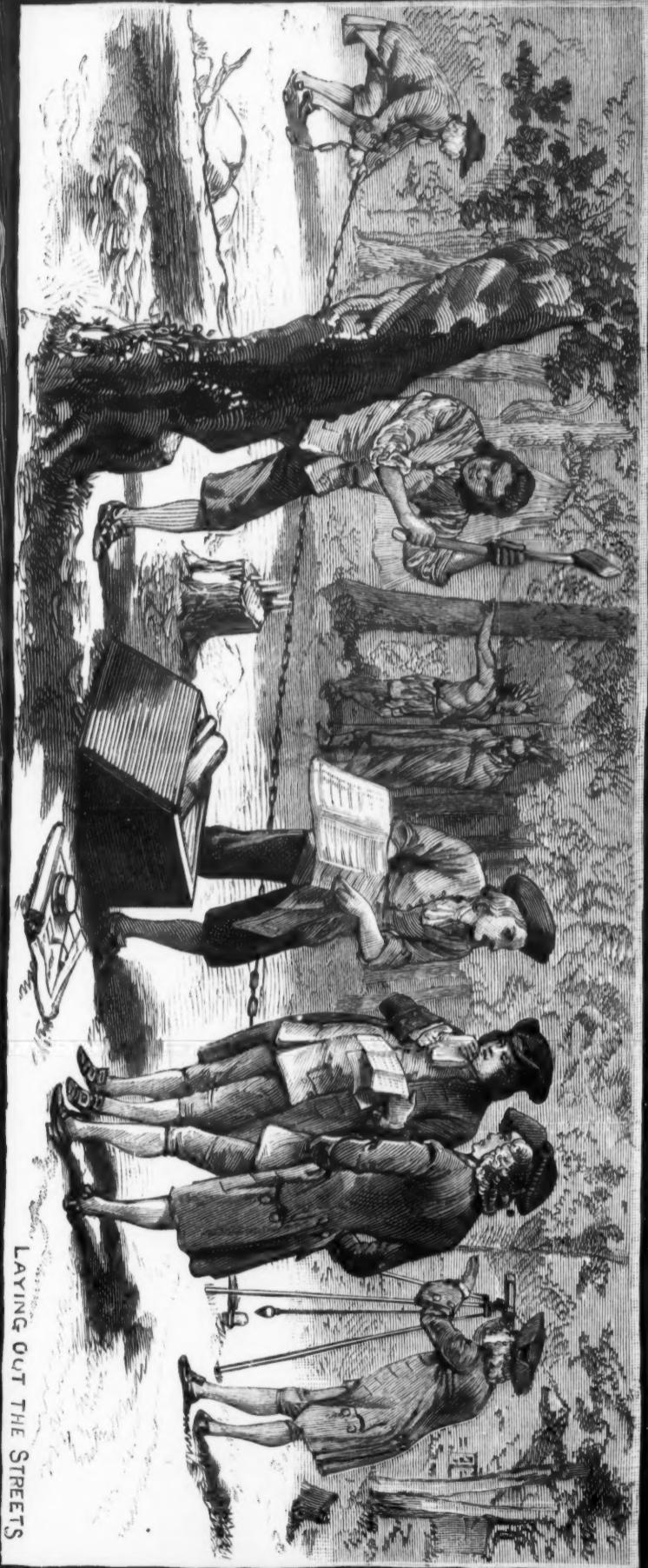
—THE claims already filed at Washington for services to President Garfield aggregate about \$85,000.

—RUSSIA is said to be intriguing for the appointment of Russian officers in the militia in Eastern Roumania.

—MISSOURI is sending a large, fine second crop of strawberries to Chicago, where they are sold, retail, at fifty cents a quart.

—IT is

THE BI-CENTENNIAL OF THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA AND COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.—HISTORIC SCENES AND OBJECTS CONNECTED WITH THE EVENT.—SEE PAGE 151.



THE CHARTER & SEAL

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THE ETERNAL BOND.

THOUGH I loose my hand from yours and go
Away from you bitter-hearted,
And we say it is best, do you think that so
We two can be truly parted?

The midnight sky and the holy gleam
Of the star are for ever mated;
The mingled waves of sea and stream
Can never be separated.

The words we speak as we loose our hands,
With hearts that bend and quiver,
Are just as futile as such commands
Would be to the sea and river.

Still for ever the bond endures,
With resolute sad persistence;
And never a word of mine or yours
Can will it out of existence.

Though I loose my hand and say good-by,
In vain is our weak decreeing;
There is no power that can break a tie
That is one with our very being.

Yea, love can smite us, and wound and kill;
Yet loveless is each the loser;
Ah! God's sweetheart, be it well or ill,
Clasp me closer and closer.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

HEART AND SCIENCE:
A STORY OF THE PRESENT TIME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE last lines addressed by Carmina to her old nurse were completed on the seventeenth day of August, and were posted that night.

The day that followed was memorable to Carmina, and memorable to Mrs. Gallilee. Doctor Fenjulia had his reasons also for remembering the eighteenth of August.

Still in search of a means of undermining the confidence which united Ovid and Carmina, and still calling on her invention in vain, Mrs. Gallilee had passed a sleepless night. Her maid, entering the room at the usual hour, was ordered to leave her in bed, and not to return until the bell rang. On ordinary occasions, Mrs. Gallilee was up in time to receive the letters arriving by the first delivery; the correspondence of the other members of the household being sorted by her own hands, before it was distributed by the servant. On this particular morning (after sleeping a little through sheer exhaustion) she entered the empty breakfast-room two hours later than usual. The letters waiting for her were addressed only to herself. She rang for the maid.

"Any other letters this morning?" she asked.
"Two, for my master."
"No more than that?"

"Nothing more, ma'am—except a telegram for Miss Carmina."

"When did it come?"
"Soon after the letters."
"Have you given it to her?"

"Being a telegram, ma'am, I thought I ought to take it to Miss Carmina at once."

"Quite right. You can go."
A telegram for Carmina! Was there some private correspondence going on? And were the interests involved too important to wait for the ordinary means of communication by post? Considering these questions, Mrs. Gallilee poured out a cup of tea, and looked over her letters.

Only one of them especially attracted her notice in her present frame of mind. The writer was Benjulia. He dispensed as usual with the customary forms of address.

"I have had a letter about Ovid, from a friend of mine in Canada. There is an allusion to him of the complimentary sort, which I don't altogether understand. I want to ask you about it—but I can't spare the time to go a-visiting. My experiments are in too critical a state to be left just now. You have got your carriage—and your fine friends are out of town. If you want a drive, come to me, and bring your last letters from Ovid with you."

Mrs. Gallilee decided on considering this characteristic proposal later in the day. Her first and foremost interest took her up-stairs to her niece's room.

Carmina had left her bed. Robed in her white dressing-gown, she lay on the sofa in the sitting room. When her aunt came in, she started and shuddered. Those signs of nervous aversion escaped the notice of Mrs. Gallilee. Her attention had been at once attracted by a traveling-bag, opened as it was in preparation for packing. The telegram lay on Carmina's lap. The significant connection between those two objects asserted itself plainly. But it was exactly the opposite of the connection suspected by Mrs. Gallilee. The telegram had prevented Carmina from leaving the house.

Mrs. Gallilee paved the way for the necessary investigation, by making a few commonplace inquiries. How had Carmina passed the night? Had the maid taken care of her at breakfast-time? Was there anything that her aunt could do for her? Carmina replied with a reluctance which she was unable to conceal. Mrs. Gallilee passed over the cold reception accorded to her, without remark, and pointed with a bland smile to the telegram.

"No bad news, I hope?"
Carmina handed the telegram silently to her aunt. The change of circumstances which the arrival of the message had produced made concealment superfluous. Mrs. Gallilee opened the telegram, keeping her suspicions in reserve. It had been sent from Rome by the old foreign woman, named "Teresa," and it contained these words:

"My husband died this morning. Expect me in London from day to day."

"Why is this person coming to London?" Mrs. Gallilee inquired.

Stung by the insolent composure of that question, Carmina answered sharply, "You ought to know!"

"Indeed?" said Mrs. Gallilee. "Perhaps she likes London?"

"She hates London! You have had her in the house; you have seen us together. Now she has lost her husband, do you think she can live apart from the one person in the world whom she loves best?"

"My dear, these matters of mere sentiment escape my notice," Mrs. Gallilee rejoined. "It's an expensive journey from Italy to England. What was her husband?"

"Her husband was foreman in a manufacture of artists' colors, till his health failed him."

"And then," Mrs. Gallilee concluded, "the money failed him, I understand. Has his widow any resources of her own?"

"She has saved something, poor dear, in our service. But that doesn't matter. My purse is hers."

"Very generous, I am sure! Even the humblest lodgings are dear in this neighborhood. However—with your assistance—your old servant may be able to live somewhere near you."

Having settled the question of Teresa's life in London in this way, Mrs. Gallilee returned to the prime object of her suspicion—she took possession of the traveling-bag.

Carmina looked at her with the submission of utter bewilderment. Teresa had been the companion of her life; Teresa had been received as her attendant when she was first established under her aunt's roof. She had assumed that her nurse would become a member of the household again, as a matter of course. With Teresa to encourage her, she had summoned the resolution to live with Ovid's mother, until Ovid came back. And now she had been informed, in words too plain to be mistaken, that Teresa must find a home for herself when she returned to London! Surprise, disappointment, indignation held Carmina speechless.

"This thing," Mrs. Gallilee proceeded, holding up the bag, "will be only in your way here. I will have it put with our own bags and boxes in the lumber-room. And, by-the-by, I fancy you don't quite understand (naturally enough, at your age) our relative positions in this house. My child, the authority of your late father is the authority which your guardian holds over you. I hope never to be obliged to exercise it—especially, if you will be good enough to remember two things. I expect you to consult me in your choice of companions; and to wait for my approval before you make arrangements which—well, let us say, which require the bag to be removed from the lumber-room."

Without waiting for a reply, she turned to the door. After opening it, she paused—and looked back into the room.

"Have you thought of what I said to you last night?" she asked.

"Sorely as they had been tried, Carmina's energies rallied at this. "I have done my best to forget it!" she answered.

"At Miss Minerva's request?"

Carmina took no notice of the question.

Mrs. Gallilee persisted. "Have you had any communication with Miss Minerva?"

There was still no reply. Preserving her temper, Mrs. Gallilee stepped out on the landing, and called to Miss Minerva. The governess answered from the upper floor.

"Please come down here," said Mrs. Gallilee.

Miss Minerva obeyed. Her face was paler than usual; her eyes had lost something of their piercing brightness. She stopped outside Carmina's door. Mrs. Gallilee requested her to enter the room.

After an instant—only an instant—of hesitation, Miss Minerva crossed the threshold. She cast one quick glance at Carmina, and lowered her eyes before the look could be returned. Mrs. Gallilee discovered no mute signs of an understanding between them. She turned to the governess.

"Have you been here already this morning?" she inquired.

"No."

"Is there some coldness between you and my niece?"

"None, madam, that I know of."

"Then, why don't you speak to her when you come into the room?"

"Miss Carmina has been ill. I see her resting on the sofa—and I am unwilling to disturb her."

"Not even by saying good-morning?"

"Not even that."

"You are exceedingly careful, Miss Minerva."

"I have had some experience of sick people, madam: and I have learnt to be careful. May I ask what you have called me down-stairs for?"

Mrs. Gallilee prepared to put her niece and her governess to the final test.

"I wish you to suspend the children's lessons for an hour or two," she answered.

"Certainly. Shall I tell them?"

"No; I will tell them myself on my way to my own room."

"What do you wish me to do?" said Miss Minerva.

"I wish you to remain here with my niece."

If Mrs. Gallilee, after answering in those terms, had looked at her niece, instead of looking at her governess, she would have seen Carmina—distrustful of her own self-control—move on the sofa so as turn her face to the wall. As it was, Miss Minerva's attitude and look silently claimed some explanation.

Mrs. Gallilee addressed her in a whisper. "Let me say a word to you at the door."

Miss Minerva followed her to the landing outside. Carmina turned again, watching them anxiously.

"I am not at all satisfied with her looks this morning," Mrs. Gallilee proceeded; "and I don't think it right she should be left alone. My household duties must be attended to. Will you take my place at the sofa until the doctor comes?" ("Now," she thought, "if there is jealousy between them I shall see it.")

She saw nothing; the governess quietly bowed to her, and went back to Carmina. She heard nothing, although the half-closed door gave her opportunities for listening. Ignorant, she had entered the room. Ignorant, she left it.

Carmina lay still and silent. With noiseless step, Miss Minerva approached the sofa, and stood by it, waiting. Neither of them lifted her eyes, the one to the other. The woman suffered her torture in secret. The girl's sweet eyes filled slowly with tears. One by one the minutes of the morning passed—not many in number before there was a change. In silence, Carmina held out her hand. In silence, Miss Minerva took it and kissed it.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS. GALLILEE saw her housekeeper as usual, and gave her orders for the day. "If there is anything forgotten," she said, "I must leave it to you. For the next hour or two don't let me be disturbed."

Some of her letters of the morning were still unread, others required immediate acknowledgment. She was not as ready for her duties as usual. For once the most unendurable industrious of women was idle, and sat thinking.

Even her unimaginative nature began to tremble on the verge of superstition. Twice had the subtle force of circumstances defeated her in the attempt to meddle with the contemplated marriage of her son. By means of the music-master she had planned to give Ovid jealous reasons for doubting Carmina—and she had failed. By means of the governess she had planned to give Carmina jealous reasons for doubting Ovid—and she had failed. When some people talked of Fatality, were they quite such fools as she had hitherto supposed them to be? It would be a waste of time to inquire. What next step could she take?

Urged by the intolerable sense of defeat to find reasons for still looking hopefully to the future, no matter how intrinsically worthless those reasons might be, the learned Mrs. Gallilee lowered herself to the intellectual level of the most ignorant servant in the house. The modern Muse of Science unconsciously opened her mind to the vulgar belief in luck. She said to herself, as her kitchen-maid might have said, "We will see what comes of it the third time!"

Benjulia's letter was among the other letters on the table. She took it up and read it again.

In her present frame of mind, to find her thoughts occupied by the doctor was to be reminded of Ovid's strange allusion to his professional colleague on the day of his departure. Speaking of Carmina, he had referred to one person whom he did not wish her to see in his absence; and that person he had himself admitted to be Benjulia. He had been asked to state his objection to the doctor, and how had he replied? He had said, "I don't think Benjulia a fit person to be in the company of a young girl."

Why?

There are many men of mature age who are not fit persons to be in the company of young girls, but they are either men who despise, or men who admire, young girls. Benjulia belonged neither to the one nor to the other of these two classes. Girls were objects of absolute indifference to him—with the one exception of Zoe, aged ten. Never yet, after meeting him in society hundreds of times, had Mrs. Gallilee seen him talk to young ladies or even notice young ladies. Ovid's alleged reason for objecting to Benjulia stood palpably revealed as a clumsy excuse.

In the present posture of events, to arrive at that conclusion was enough for Mrs. Gallilee. It occurred to her now, as it had occurred to her at the time, that there must be something wrong. Without stopping to pursue the idea, she rang the bell, and ordered her carriage to be ready that afternoon at three o'clock.

Doubtful, and more than doubtful, though it might be, the bare prospect of finding herself possessed, before the day was out, of a means of action capable of being used against Carmina, raised Mrs. Gallilee's spirits. She was ready at last to attend to her correspondence.

One of the letters was from her sister in Scotland. Among other subjects, it referred to Carmina.

"Why won't you let that sweet girl come and stay with us?" Lady Northlake asked. "My daughters are longing for such a companion; and both my sons are ready to envy Ovid the moment they see her. Tell my nephew, when you next write, that I thoroughly understand his falling in love with that gentle, pretty creature at first sight."

Carmina's illness was the ready excuse which presented itself in Mrs. Gallilee's reply. With or without an excuse, Lady Northlake was to be resolutely prevented from taking a foremost place in her niece's heart, and encouraging the idea of her niece's marriage.

Mrs. Gallilee felt almost pious enough to thank heaven that her sister's place in the Highlands was at one end of Great Britain, and her own marine villa at the other!

The marine villa reminded her of the family migration to the seaside.

When would it be desirable to leave London? Not until her mind was relieved of the heavier anxieties that now weighed on it. Not while events might happen—in connection with the threatening creditors or the contemplated marriage—which would baffle her present calculations, and make her presence in London a matter of serious importance to her own interests. Miss Minerva, again, was a new obstacle in the way. To take her to the Isle of Wight was not to be thought of for a moment. To dismiss her at once, by paying the month's

salary, might be the preferable course to pursue—but for two objections. In the first place (if the friendly understanding between them really continued) Carmina might communicate with the discarded governess in secret. In the second place, to pay Miss Minerva's salary before she had earned it, was a concession from which Mrs. Gallilee's spite, and Mrs. Gallilee's principles of paltry economy, recoiled in disgust. Not the waiting policy in London, under whatever aspect it might be viewed, was for the present one policy to pursue.

She returned to the demands of her correspondence. Just as she had taken up her pen, the sanctuary of the boudoir was violated by the appearance of a servant.

"What is it now? Didn't the housekeeper tell you that I am not to be disturbed?"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. My master wishes—"

"What does your master want?"

"He wishes to see you, ma'am."

This was a circumstance entirely without parallel in the domestic history of the house. In sheer astonishment, Mrs. Gallilee pushed away her letters, and said, "Show him in."

When the boys of fifty years since were naughty, the schoolmaster of the period was not accustomed to punish them by appealing to their sense of honor. If a boy wanted a flogging, in those days, the educational system seized a cane or a birch-rod and gave it to him. Mr. Gallilee entered his wife's room with the feelings which had once animated him, on entering the schoolmaster's study to be caned. When he said "Good-morning, my dear," his face presented the expression of fifty years since, when he had said, "Please, sir, let me off this time!"

"Now," said Mrs. Gallilee, "what do you want?"

"Only a little word. How well you're looking, my dear!"

After a sleepless night, followed by her dejection in Carmina's room, Mrs. Gallilee looked, and knew that she looked, ugly and old. And her wretched husband had reminded her of it.

"Go on!" she answered, sternly.

Mr. Gallilee moistened his dry lips. "I think I'll take a chair, if you will allow me," he said. Having taken his chair (at a respectful distance from his wife), he looked all round the room with the air of a visitor who had never seen it before. "How very pretty!" he remarked, softly. "Such taste in color. I think the carpet was your own design, wasn't it? How chaste!"

"Will you come to the point, Mr. Gallilee?"

"With pleasure, my dear—with pleasure. I'm afraid I smell of tobacco?"

"I don't care if you do!"

This was such an agreeable surprise to Mr. Gallilee, that he got on his legs again to enjoy it standing up. "How kind! Really now, how kind!" He approached Mrs. Gallilee confidentially. "And, do you know, my dear, it was one of the most remarkable cigars I ever smoked." Mrs. Gallilee laid down her pen and looked at him with a formidable frown. In the extremity of his confusion Mr. Gallilee ventured nearer. He felt the sinister fascination of the serpent in the expression of those awful eyebrows. "How well you are looking! How amazingly well you are looking this morning!" He leered at his learned wife, and patted her shoulder!

There he stood; his round eyes staring at the check-book, his fat cheeks quivering with alarm. "You mustn't do it," he said, with a first and last outburst of courage. "Give me a minute, my dear—oh, good gracious, give me a minute!"

He searched in his pocket again, and produced another letter. His eyes wandered towards the door; drops of perspiration oozed out on his forehead. He laid the second letter on the table; he looked at his wife, and ran out of the room.

Mrs. Gallilei opened the second letter. Another dissatisfied tradesman? No; creditors far more formidable than the grocer and the butcher. An official letter from the bankers, informing Mr. Gallilei that "the account was overdrawn."

She seized her pass-book and her paper of calculations. Never yet had her rigid arithmetic committed an error. Column by column she revised her figures—and made the humiliating discovery of her first mistake. She had drawn out all, and more than all, her money deposited in the bank; and the next half-yearly payment of income was not due until Christmas.

There was but one thing to be done—to go at once to the bank. Already Miss Minerva's view of the prospect that awaited her employer was a view confirmed. Those "other resources," to which the governess had alluded as unknown possibilities to be taken into account, were one and all represented by Ovid. If he had not been in the wilds of Canada, Mrs. Gallilei would have made her confession to him without hesitation. As it was, the servant called a cab, and she made her confession to the bankers.

The matter was soon settled to her satisfaction. It treated with Mr. Gallilei. In the house he might abdicate his authority to his heart's content. Out of the house, in matters of business, he was master still. His "investments" represented excellent "security"; he had only to say how much he wanted to borrow, and to sign certain papers—and the thing was done.

Mrs. Gallilei went home again, with her pecuniary anxieties at rest for the time. The carriage was waiting for her at the door.

Should she fulfill her intention of visiting Benjulia? She was not a person who readily changed her mind; and, besides, after the troubles of the morning, the drive into the country would be a welcome relief. Hearing that Mr. Gallilei was still at home, she looked in at the smoking-room. Unerring instinct told her where to find her husband under present circumstances. There he was, enjoying his cigar in comfort, with his coat off and his feet on a chair. She opened the door. "I want you this evening," she said, and shut the door again, leaving Mr. Gallilei suffocated by a mouthful of his own smoke.

Before getting into the carriage, she only waited to restore her face with a judicious sprinkling of powder. Benjulia's humor was essentially an uncertain humor. It might be necessary to fascinate the doctor.

(To be continued.)

SHEEP ESCAPING A PRAIRIE FIRE.

THE alarm of fire bears a terror-striking significance on the prairie as in the crowded tenement. This is especially the case where herds of sheep and cattle are endangered. The word passes from herder to herder, each casting his searching glance along the sky-line until it becomes riveted on a black speck, which he at once recognizes as the dread enemy. In a moment every man is at his post driving the frightened sheep, who would seem to have scented the fire, headlong onwards in mad race for safety. Crack go the stock whips, while wild halloos ring over the plain, now resounding beneath the scamper of ten thousand hoofs. Onwards, onwards! the roar of the flame as it fiercely follows, becoming every instant more distinct, while black clouds of smoke darken the heavens, a lurid light coming from behind. The sheep, terror in their eyes, plunge madly on, the weak and exhausted being left to be licked up by the greedy flames. Onwards, onwards! the cries of the stockmen now scarcely audible in the roaring of the pursuing fire. Every second, every stride, tells. The dry grass roars as the fleeing multitude passes over it, the sound being that of a wave. A few minutes will decide the race. Safety is in sight! The line that the fire cannot cross is close at hand. Every stockman shrieks himself hoarse as he alights down the tidal wave of sheep that presses onwards before him. A wild shout of triumph rends the air as the line is crossed and safety is assured.

THE RECENT ST. LOUIS TRAGEDY.

THE City of St. Louis was thrown into a state of great excitement on the afternoon of October 13th by the announcement that Alonzo W. Slayback, a prominent lawyer, had been shot dead in the office of the *Post-Dispatch* by John A. Cockerill, managing editor of that paper. The tragedy had its origin in a political quarrel. Mr. Slayback's law partner, James O. Broadhead, recently received the Democratic nomination for Congress in one of the St. Louis districts, after a vigorous canvass with John M. Glover, during which the *Post-Dispatch* espoused Glover's cause and bitterly assailed Broadhead. Mr. Slayback resented the paper's treatment of his partner, and at a ward caucus on the evening of October 12th he attacked the *Post-Dispatch* and its conductors. On the following afternoon the paper referred to this attack and republished an old card of Mr. Glover's, in which he had denounced Mr. Slayback as a coward. Upon seeing this article in the *Post-Dispatch*, Mr. Slayback proceeded to the office, accompanied by William H. Clopton, a fellow-lawyer, to seek satisfaction for the publication. Mr. Cockerill was still at his desk, talking with the business manager and foreman, and his pistol lay near at hand, as he was about to place it in his pocket on changing his coat. The accounts of what took place given by the spectators differ in detail, but agree in representing that there was a scuffle, which ended in Cockerill's seizing his pistol and shooting Slayback, causing his death almost immediately. Public opinion was at first very bitter against Cockerill, and a vast crowd of excited persons assembled about the *Post-Dispatch* office, as it was believed that he had shot an unarmed man, but sentiment changed when his own story was made public, supported by the testimony of his associates, that he only fired in self-defense when Slayback had drawn a pistol on him. He surrendered himself to the police at midnight, and on the 18th instant was arraigned on the charge of murder in the second degree and released on \$10,000 bail.

Mr. Slayback was a prominent lawyer and politician, in his forty-fifth year, and enjoyed great personal popularity. His funeral attracted a vast concourse, and profound expressions of regret for his untimely fate, and sympathy with his widow and children, were very general. A fund was promptly started for the benefit of his family, and \$6,000 was subscribed at a single meeting of the Merchants' Exchange.

General Hancock's Missouri Farm.

GENERAL HANCOCK has been making his annual visit to his Missouri farm, which lies a mile east of the town of Windsor, in Henry County, nineteen miles from Sedalia. In 1850, when the General was a captain, the surgeon of his regiment, a Dr. Abernathy, was seized with a speculative fever, and began to buy up the land warrants issued to the soldiers of the Mexican War of 1846. As the General had already received a warrant for his own personal service, he was very easily induced to buy four other warrants of 160 acres each, the location of which he intrusted to the surgeon, who went to Missouri to lay them along with his own. Arriving there, the doctor sold one of the warrants, which happened to be that given the General for personal service. The other four the doctor located in Henry County. The General intended to give this land to his daughter, but she died, and he has ever since refused to sell it. A short time ago he purchased a small tract adjoining, giving him in a solid body 660 acres. All of the tract is high, rolling prairie, with the exception of about seventy-five acres, which lies on a little creek called Elm, and upon which there is a slight growth of timber. The entire tract is inclosed with a barbed wire fence, and there are numerous cross-fences. Five hundred and fifty acres are set in blue-grass, and the remainder of the tract, excepting the timber land, is what farmers term plow-land. There are two ordinary tenant-houses on the tract, but the General, on his recent visit, gave orders to have a very respectable frame-house erected on a beautiful site. The General says the greatest enjoyments he experiences are his visits to this farm.

The New Egyptian Army.

RECRUITING for the new Egyptian army has commenced. The total effective strength will be: Twelve battalions of infantry, two of mounted infantry, two of garrison artillery, two squadrons of cavalry, each 400 strong; six batteries of artillery, with 100 men and four guns to each; 100 engineers, a transport and ambulance corps of 300 men, and two regiments of gendarmerie, numbering 700 men each. There is under consideration a proposal favoring the importation of coolies to replace natives as army servants.

Baker Pasha's scheme for the reorganization of the army, as approved by the Council of Ministers, provides that the field officers of one-half the regiments, battalions, batteries, etc., be British, and of the other half Egyptian; and that the other officers, from the rank of captain downward, be selected from Egyptians, Albanians and others already in the service of the Khedive.

Longevity of English Peers.

THE duties that fall to the members of the British House of Lords are not exhaustive to human energies. The new Earl of Berkeley has reached the advanced age of eighty-two, a fact which has brought out the further statement that the House of Lords contains a large proportion of men who have reached or gone beyond four-score. Thus, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Lord Halifax, the Earl of Lucas, and Lord Penrhyn are each eighty-two. Lord Hammond, the Earl of Erne, Lord Berwick, Lord Churchill, and the Bishop of Chichester have all reached their eightieth year. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the Marquis of Winchester, Lord Banty, and Lord Ebury are each eighty-one, while the Earl of Home, Lord Portman, Lord Saye and Sele, and the Earl of Albemarle are severally in their eighty-third year. Further, the Earl of Harrowby is eighty-four, the Marquis of Donegal eighty-five, the Earl of Buckinghamshire eighty-nine, and Lord Mount-Cashel ninety. Members of the House of Commons do not live to so great ages. These are figures which might be made useful in an argument on the relative merits of an active and a contemplative life.

An Old Lady's View of the President.

THE Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* tells the following story of the President's recent visit to Massachusetts:

"The democratic simplicity of the Marshfield celebration constituted its chief charm to many, and there and elsewhere the President saw the people in a way to do him good. An incident of uncommon interest occurred when the Chief Executive of the nation was boarding the Boston and Albany train at Boston. A motherly old woman came hurrying up, desirous of a hand-shake. The President courteously stopped for a few moments' conversation, during which he remarked that it did not make so much difference how Presidents looked as how they acted. Thereat the old lady quickly rejoined with earnest honesty, 'Well, if you behave as well as you look, I sha'n't have any fears for you.' This elicited hearty cheers from the crowd, and with sundry admonitions to the President to depend on the Lord, the good woman took her departure. She had spoken the spirit of Massachusetts better than many pretentious orators."

The Wanderings of a Needle.

SEVERAL years ago Police Captain P. H. Leary, of the Butler Street police in Brooklyn, unconsciously swallowed a needle. It lodged in the stomach, and for two years was a constant source of suffering. He was treated for dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach, and other diseases, but the medicine did no good. Suddenly, after he had ceased to take medicine, the pain disappeared. Recently his ankle began to swell, and then it as mysteriously got well, and the side of his left foot began to pain him. He treated the swelling as a bunion, but the trouble did not cease. Inflammation followed and extended to his knees. Recently a physician in making an examination found the point of the needle protruding from the side of the foot, and he drew it out with a pair of pincers. Since then all pain has disappeared. The needle was covered with rust.

Tremors of the Earth.

THE London *Times* publishes a synopsis of some papers on the "tremors of the earth," by the committee appointed to measure the lunar disturbance of gravity, and by Mr. G. Darwin, which contains some statements new to the public. It is considered proved by the men of science engaged that the crust of the earth bends under the weight imposed on it, till "when the barometer rises an inch over a land area like that of Australia, the increased load of air sinks the entire continent two or three inches below the normal level." The land actually sinks and rises under the pressure of the mass of water thrown upon it by the tides, the maximum of rise and fall on the Atlantic seaboard reaching five inches. This effect is felt at the bottom of the

deepest mine, and may reach for an unknown distance. It follows that the crust of the earth must be of exceeding tenacity, exceeding as a maximum that of granite; and its swayings may be the causes of phenomena hitherto quite unexplained, as, for example, the relation between storm and earthquake. So universal, frequent, and unavoidable are these disturbances that the inquiry into the lunar disturbance of gravity has been given up. No depth can be found at which a recording instrument can be placed so as to escape their effect. The round earth pants, in fact, like a breathing being, under the changes always going on above her.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE Electric Light in the lighthouse at Sydney, New South Wales, will be the largest of the kind in the world. The merging beam is said to have a luminous intensity exceeding 12,000,000 candles.

A Report of the British Association Committee on Underground Temperatures states that the result of 14 years' observation shows that the increase of heat under the surface of the earth varies in its rate. A great many records were taken, and as near as possible the mean increase of temperature is set down as one degree Fahrenheit for every 64 feet.

A Very Curious Phenomenon is in progress on the eastern coast of the Caspian sea. The Kara Boghaz is an estuary nearly separated from the main body of the sea by a bank through which there is an inlet. The evaporation from this gulf is so great that a current continually sets in from the main body of the Caspian; and as there is no return current, the water of the gulf becomes more and more saliferous, and a deposit of salt is in course of formation. In time this gulf will be cut off from the Caspian, and will then be dried up and become an extensive salt bed.

M. D'Abbadie says that immunity from marsh fevers in bad tropical countries is often secured by sulphur fumigations on the bare skin. The efficacy of sulphur is otherwise illustrated. Workmen in the sulphur mines of Sicily suffer less from intermittent fever than the rest of the population. Zephyra, in Greece, which once had a population of 40,000 inhabitants, has been almost destroyed by marsh fever, and its decay has corresponded with the transference of sulphur-mining to the east, where a mountain mass prevents the emanations from reaching the site of the town.

The Recent International Electrical Congress in Paris decided to make use of the centimetre, gramme, and second in all electrical measurements. They will retain the practical units, "ohm," for resistance, and "volt" for electromotive force. The intensity of a current produced by one volt, with a resistance of one ohm, will be called one "ampere"; and the quantity of electricity given by one ampere in one second will be called a "coulomb"; the term "farad" indicates the capacity of the condenser which, laden with a volt, holds one coulomb of electricity. The old term "weber," as a unit of intensity, will not be used.

John A. Miller, of Wadsworth, Ind., has patented an improvement by which ordinary portable engines can be used as traction engines. The engines are fixed in an inclined position on the sides of the boiler, the piston-rods extend through both ends of the cylinder, and are adapted both to take hold of the band-wheel's crank shaft on one end and to seize at the other end devices which furnish to the wheels the power for moving from place to place.

Experiments have been recently made in Rome by Signors Capranica and Colassanti regarding the action of oxygenated water on the system. Physiologically absorbed the substance acts as a poison, quickly killing animal, the fatal dose varying with the animal's size. The poisonous action appears in all the great functions of the body, especially that of the spinal cord; the excitomotor power of that organ is over excited, as shown by convulsive phenomena (tonus, locomotor ataxy, etc.). The physico-chemical acts of nutrition are also profoundly disturbed, as is proved by the very pronounced glycosuria previous to death. The consecutive phenomena in poison with oxygenated water are identical with those M. Bert has observed as resulting from the action of compressed oxygen.

Dr. Jule has been experimenting with a view to counteracting the bad effects produced by the sulphuric acid which the combustion of ordinary illuminating gas causes in sufficient quantities to destroy the binding of books and to tarnish the lettering on their backs, besides, of course, vitiating the atmosphere so much that the health of the person breathing it is injured. He suspended two plates of finely perforated zinc, one three and the other twelve inches above the burner. At the end of three months the lower plate showed an accumulation of the ordinary brownish-black deposit and a furring of sulphate of zinc, but the upper plate was only slightly affected. The inference from this examination is that a single plate of perforated zinc about a foot square placed over a gas jet is sufficient to retain most of the noxious emanations.

Among the many unexpected developments of electrical science is an application in the hiving of bees when they swarm, successfully tried by German experimenters. It was thought that by utilizing the electric force the bees might be stupefied for the necessary period of time without being injured, and the result proved the correctness of the idea. The first attempt was made upon bees that had gathered upon trees, the insects falling upon the ground in a kind of trance, which admitted of their being safely handled. The next stage in the experiment was to capture the bees when they were about to swarm. By introducing the ends of two connecting wires into a fully-occupied honeycomb and turning on the current, the bees were rendered inactive for about thirty minutes, while no bad results appeared to follow their awakening.

Death-roll of the Week.

OCTOBER 14TH.—In this city, Andrew J. Clark, of Orange, Mass., a prominent manufacturer, aged 38; at Cooperstown, N. Y., Edward Clark, President of the Singer Sewing-machine Company, aged 70; at Providence, R. I., Dr. Ira Bowers, a prominent physician, aged 71. October 15th.—At Radnor, Pa., Rev. William F. Halsey, an Episcopal clergyman, aged 66; at Baltimore, Md., Rev. Thomas Guard, a prominent Methodist divine; at Boston, Mass., Samuel C. Davis, a wealthy merchant, aged 73. October 16th

—At Paterson, N. J., Jehiel Read, a well-known hat dealer; at Madison Barracks, N. Y., Captain James S. King, United States Army. October 17th.—At Norwich, N. Y., David Maydale, a well-known manufacturer, aged 75; at Paris, France, Count Napoleon Henri Edgar Ney, former aide-de-camp to Napoleon III, and later General in the French army, aged 70. October 18th.—At Philadelphia, Pa., Frank Queen, editor of the *Clipper*, aged 59; at Paris, France, Adolph Charles Bonnegrace, a distinguished painter. October 19th.—At Berkeley Springs, West Va., John D. DeFreeze, ex-Public Printer, and formerly a prominent Republican politician, aged 71; at Baltimore, Md., Edward Hammond, ex-Congressman and Judge, aged 70; David B. Wilson, an old shipping merchant, aged 80; John A. Dobson, a well-known glass dealer; at Gooderich, Ont., John Hibbard, American Consul; at Chicago, Ill., C. Louis Malmsha, a well known scenic artist, aged 35. October 20th.—At Baltimore, Md., Robert W. Dryden, a prominent merchant, aged 61; at Aberdeen, Miss., Rev. Robert Paine, Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, aged 83.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SENATOR SHARON has a barn at his new home in California which cost over \$80,000.

SENATOR PENNELLTON's new house in Washington has massive gilded sunflowers at the top of the lightning-rods.

MRS. HAMILTON FISH, wife of ex-Secretary Fish, had two of her ribs broken by being thrown from a carriage last week.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN, the actor, has consented to be nominated for Parliament for an Irish constituency on Home Rule principles.

E. C. STEDMAN, the banker-poet, has bought a lot at Newcastle, N. H., facing the ocean, and will put up a cottage there next year.

EX-GOVERNOR CONARD, of Maine, whose wealth is estimated as over \$6,000,000, has given \$40,000 to an academy at Waterville.

JOSEPH TALBOTT, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Indiana, has suffered a paralytic stroke, which rendered his right side useless.

MR. JOHN GARFIELD, a cousin of the late President, died at his daughter's home in Bideford, Me., last week, at the age of eighty-two years.

It is reported from Berlin that Herr von Eisenbacher, the present German Minister to Japan, will be appointed Minister to the United States.

THE venerable missionary at Constantinople, Rev. Dr. Elias Riggs, and his wife celebrated their golden wedding in their home by the Bosphorus last month.

MR. AND MRS. G. C. HOWARD have just completed their thirtieth year as actors in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—the former as *St. Clair*, the latter as *Topsy*.

THE imperial prince of Japan, who is still a youth, having taken several courses in the army college at Tokio, will proceed to France to complete his military studies.

Mrs. BURKE, the sister of the late British Under Secretary for Ireland, does not recover from the shock which the news of the assassination gave her, and her health is very feeble.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY and SIR BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR being offered by the English Government pensions of £2,000 a year for life or gifts of £50,000 each in cash, sensibly chose the cash.

MR. IRVING's recent presentation of "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Lyceum Theatre, in London, is pronounced the most brilliant and complete performance on the modern English stage.

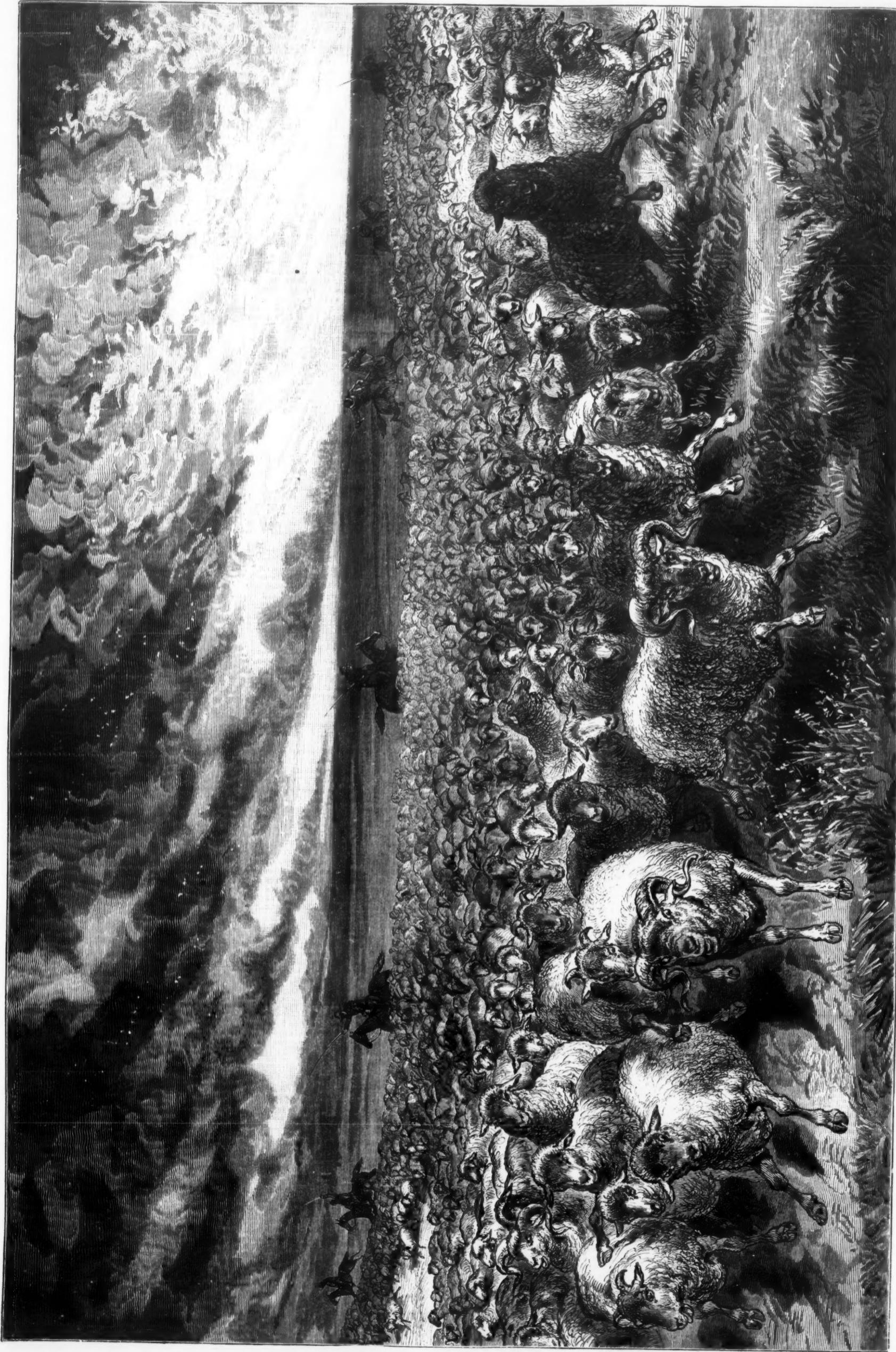
ADDITIONS are daily made to the English Longfellow Memorial Committee, which already numbers about 300, and includes the most distinguished men in all departments of intellectual activity.

TWO of Ismail Pasha's daughters have been placed in a fashionable school in Paris, and are described as bright and winsome girls. The baron of the ex-royal papa is in the Rue Bayard.

MR. HENRY VILLARD, the President of the Northern Pacific Railroad, has offered to endow Oregon University with \$50,000 if the State will increase its annual legislative allowance from \$2,500 to \$5,000.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR went to Princeton, N. J., last week, to accompany his son, who entered the Sophomore class, and was heartily received by the students. On the next day he registered as a voter in this city.

EX-SENATOR DORSEY has been suffering for several months from a disease of the eyes, which has already greatly impaired his sight, and he has gone to the hot Springs of New Mexico in the hope of getting relief.



TEXAS.—HERDERS DRIVING THEIR SHEEP, MENACED BY A PRAIRIE FIRE, TO A PLACE OF SAFETY.—SEE PAGE 155.



NEW YORK CITY.—FRANKLIN EDSON, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KURTZ.

MR. FRANKLIN EDSON FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

THE union of all the Democratic factions of New York city upon Mr. Franklin Edson for the office of Mayor is an event of more than ordinary significance, and one which will have an important bearing upon the political canvass now in progress in the State. These factions have been at war for so long a period, and the bitterness of feeling had become so great, that anything like a compromise was regarded by most observers as altogether impossible. That they have at length agreed to forget their differences and unite

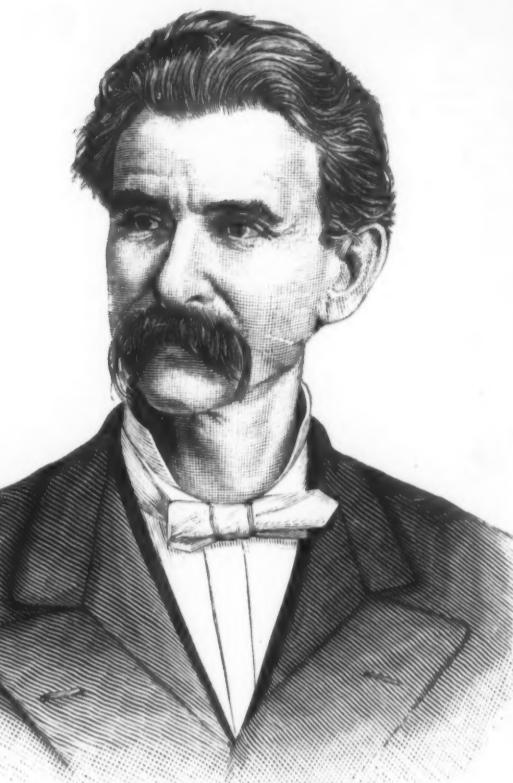
upon a gentleman like Mr. Edson, who represents in every way the best elements of the community, is certainly a circumstance full of promise for the future of the metropolis, since it shows that the "bosses" of every size and sort now feel compelled to respect the demands of an enlightened public opinion for a distinct elevation of the standards of requirement in political candidates.

Mr. Edson, the Democratic nominee for Mayor, is a native of Windsor County, Vermont, where he was born in April, 1832. The family is an old one, his first American ancestor having come to this country in 1634. Since early boyhood he has been engaged in commercial pursuits, at first in Albany as an employee of his brother, Cyrus Edson, and afterwards as trustee of the estate of his brother. In 1859 he established the firm of Edson, Orr & Chamberlain, grain and produce merchants, in Albany, and three or four years subsequently came to New York as head of the same concern. He has continued in that business ever since, the firm name for the last fifteen years being Franklin Edson & Co. He has been three times President of the Produce Exchange, and is the only member who has held that office for three terms. Under his administration was formed the system of grading grain. He is chairman of the Building Committee which has superintended all the work in connection with the mammoth new building the Exchange is now erecting. He is also a member of the Arbitration Committee. His business house is one of the largest represented on the Exchange, and both in his mercantile transactions and his social and official relations with the members, he is the most popular and respected of the officers of the Exchange. He is also President of the Free Canal Union, an organization of business men who are interested in securing the passage of the constitutional amendments this Fall abolishing tolls on the canals. He has always been a Democrat, and in 1878 presided at the County Convention which nominated Edward Cooper for Mayor. He lives in Fordham, and his name is on the rolls of the County Democracy as a member of the Twenty-fourth District organization.

REV. GEORGE O. BARNES,
THE KENTUCKY EVANGELIST.

A NOTABLE addition has been made to the list of American revivalists in the person of Rev. George O. Barnes, "The Mountain Evangelist" of Kentucky, who has come into national prominence during the past year. Mr. Barnes is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, and graduated at the Princeton Theological School. His first impulse was to serve as a missionary, and soon after finishing his theological studies he sailed for India, where he remained for several years. Returning to this country, he settled in Kentucky as a Presby-

terian minister, and discharged the ordinary clerical duties for a considerable period without attracting special attention. In the course of time, however, charges of heresy were brought against him, and these having been sustained by the Presbytery, his name was dropped from the rolls about five years ago. Freed from responsibility to any denominational organization, Mr. Barnes resolved to enter upon that career which has since made him famous. He began his new work in the mountain regions of Central Kentucky, where his audiences were almost exclusively composed of rough mountaineers and illiterate farmers. Although delicately born and bred, he had the sense to see that he must adapt himself to his surroundings if he was to sway audiences of ignorant and unpolished men, so he threw away the softer habits of his earlier ministry, and made himself as one of themselves. Not content with talking in plain and simple language, he borrowed the crude expressions and provincial slang of those dwellers among the hills, so that the dullest minds could not only comprehend his sermons, but were sure to be impressed by his idiomatic style. Possessing also the magnetic qualities which make the natural orator, he drew the people to hear him, and as the fame of his eloquence spread, they flocked to his meetings by the hundreds from miles away. Success having attended his earliest efforts back in the hills, he later visited more cultivated communities, like Danville, Frankfort and Louisville, in all of which increasing numbers of converts rewarded his efforts. During three weeks at Frankfort his converts numbered more than 1,000, among whom were men of such prominence as Governor Blackburn and General Abe Buford, the well-known turfman.



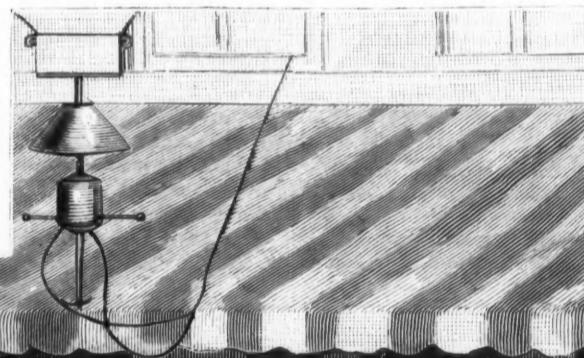
KENTUCKY.—REV. GEORGE O. BARNES, THE "MOUNTAIN EVANGELIST."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANDY.

His campaign at Louisville last Spring was even more remarkable, 2,400 converts being added to the list in seven weeks, which swelled the grand total of his Kentucky followers to 26,000. During the Summer he located for some weeks in Dayton, O., the home of his boyhood when his father preached there, and for some weeks past he has been preaching in Cincinnati, which city he has just left for his first venture in New England, at Norwich, Conn.

Mr. Barnes is now fifty-five years old, although his excellent health and vigorous constitution give him the appearance of a man not past forty. He is tall and spare of build, with dark eyes deeply set



JOHN A. COCKERILL



ALONZO W. SLAYBACK



MISSOURI.—THE KILLING OF COLONEL ALONZO W. SLAYBACK BY JOHN A. COCKERILL, IN THE OFFICE OF THE "POST-DISPATCH," ST. LOUIS, OCTOBER 13TH.
POPULAR DEMONSTRATION IN FRONT OF THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE AFTER THE TRAGEDY.—SEE PAGE 155.

and hair brushed back without parting from the forehead, while his face is smooth-shaven except for a mustache. All his features are large, and his full dark eyes are shaded by heavy eyebrows, which are continually used in expression, and are raised in emphatic passages quite as frequently as his hands are used. His voice is clear and ringing, with some tendency to be strident, and but little mellow-ness—a voice suiting the nervous structure of the man. His enunciation is distinct, without harshness or pedantic exactness. In preaching he uses no notes, and his manner is somewhat conversational, although as he warms with his subject his declamation becomes surcharged with energy and intensity. When thus aroused, he throws his body into grotesque postures, stooping and bending forward towards his audience, clasping his hands violently and stamping his foot with violence as he repeats some epithet of unusual intensity.

Mr. Barnes is assisted in his revival work by his daughter Marie, a young lady of twenty, who plays on the organ and sings melodies from the Moody and Sankey collections. The services usually begin with one of her hymns, in which her father accompanies her, and then he offers prayer. Miss Marie next reads a chapter from the Bible, Mr. Barnes often interrupting her by running comments on the passage, and then the evangelist delivers his sermon, at the close of which he calls upon those in the audience who are ready to make confession of faith to rise in their seats.

About a year ago Mr. Barnes adopted the practice of anointing with oil for the cure of bodily ailments by faith, and before he left Kentucky he had thus treated 6,000 persons. His habit is, at the close of his sermon, to ask if any are present who will trust to the Lord for healing, and after a prayer he moistens his index-finger from a little vial of linseed-oil, and applies it to the forehead of the patient, saying as he does so, "Because Christ has commanded, I anoint thee with this oil for healing thy malady. In Christ's name I do this. Remember, He has all power in heaven and on earth." Then he rests his hand for a moment on the patient's forehead, and dismisses him. Mr. Barnes says that he has heard definitely of cures in 10 per cent. of these cases, and he believes that three-fourths of the sufferers were relieved, though he makes no positive claim of ability to cure all who apply to him. He finds authority for such treatment in the words of the Scriptures and the acts of the disciples.

Mr. Barnes has already vindicated his claim to a high place among revivalists, and there will be much curiosity to see how "the mountain evangelist" will succeed in his new field of labor at the East.

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The twelfth year of this magazine—the first under the new name, and the most successful in its history, closed with the October number. The circulation has shown a large gain over that of the preceding season, and THE CENTURY begins its thirteenth year with an edition of

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A NEW NOVEL BY W. D. HOWELLS, to succeed this author's "Modern Instance." It will be an international story, entitled "A Sea Change."

LIFE IN THE THIRTEEN COLONIES, BY EDWARD EGGLESTON—the leading historical feature of the year; to consist of a number of papers, on such topics as "The Beginning of a Nation," "Social Life in the Colonies," etc., the whole forming a complete history of early life in the United States. Special attention will be paid to accuracy of illustrations.

A NOVELETTE OF MINING LIFE, BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE, entitled "The Led-Horse Claim," to be illustrated by the author.

THE POINT OF VIEW, BY HENRY JAMES, Jr., a series of eight letters from imaginary persons of various nationalities criticising America, its people, society, manners, railroads, etc.

THE CHRISTIAN LEAGUE OF CONNECTICUT, by the Rev. Washington Gladden. An account of practical co-operation in Christian work, showing how a league was formed in a small town in Connecticut, what kinds of work it attempted, and how it spread throughout the whole State.

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ILLUSTRATED PAPERS ON THE NATIONAL CAPITAL, including "The Capitol," "The Supreme Court," "The White House," etc.

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Miscellaneous.

Further work is expected from E. C. Stedman, Thomas Hughes, Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"), Charles Dudley Warner, John Burroughs, E. V. Smalley, H. H. Boyesen, and a long list of others. Entertaining short stories and novelettes will be among the leading features of THE CENTURY, as heretofore, and the magazine will continue its advance in general excellence.

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